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DE SOTO.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Strip the gauntlet from his hand,
Lift the helmet from his brow:
Loosen every iron band,
He's no use for armor now.

He could fight and he could woo,
Both upon the self-same day;
Like the lover he could sue,
Like the abbot he could pray.

Now around the warrior's form
Wrap the flag we love to name;
He has borne it through the storm,
He has shielded it from shame!

Lower him now into his grave,
Let him rest beneath the flood;
Hungry wolf nor forest brave
Never shall disturb the good!

Priest, thy crucifix! his sword
With the son of Spain shall rest;
And the image of his Lord
Ne'er shall leave the warrior's breast.

Years shall come and years shall go,
While beneath this royal stream
Sleeps the soldier De Soto,
Undisturbed by warlike dream.

When the angel's trump is blown,
Rousing from their sleep the dead,
Jesus, let thy richest crown
Rest upon De Soto's head!

THE BOY WRECKER;

OR,

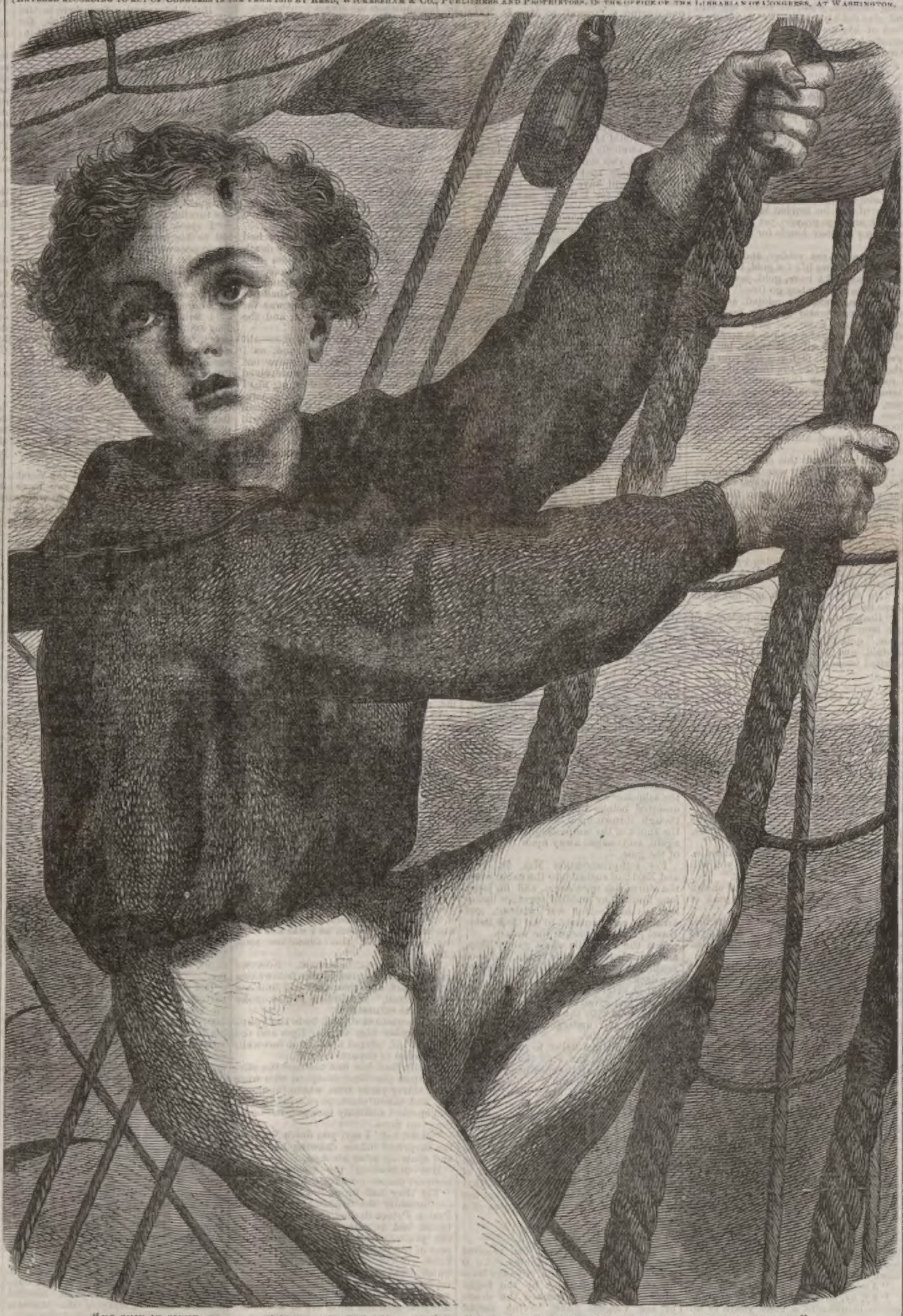
THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Romance of Sea and Shore.

BY

Col. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

Author of "The Cuban Patriot," "The Masked Spy," "Tracked Through Life," "The Skeleton Corsair," "The Boy Pilot," "The Surf Angel," Etc.



"NO SHIP IN SIGHT; NO LAND IN SIGHT, AND THE STORM COMING ON TO SINK ME IN THE OCEAN WITH MY POOR DEAD MOTHER."

CHAPTER I.

THE WRECK.

Daylight slowly dying away, and leaving the sea to darkness and to storm.

The western sky yet rosy bright, illumined by the setting sun, and the eastern horizon glowing before the approach of the tempest, whose ominous roar forebodes no good to the unseaworthy wreck, idly drifting upon the waters, and the only object visible upon the broad expanse of the restless ocean.

A wreck at sea! with its single remaining mast towering heavenward, and its loosely furled sails flapping ominously as the huge hull rocks to and fro.

A pitiable sight to a seaman, a saddening sight to a landsman, that wreck at sea, for it has a story of dark wrong and damning mystery.

Upon the broad decks but one living being is visible.

A lad, a mere boy of ten years is seated by the side of a woman's form, lying prone upon the deck, and upon whose face death has set his seal to forever close the eyes and still the voice.

Scarcely thirty years have stamped themselves upon the beautiful, sad face of the dead, and the form is delicate and refined in outline, while a wealth of sunny hair lies in masses upon the deck.

Holding the cold, white hand of the woman, and gazing with a look of boyish anguish into the upturned face, strangely like his own, is that only living being visible upon the wreck, the young sailor boy, for he is clad in white duck pants, and a blue woolen shirt, with wide turn over color, of a material of finest texture.

The lad possesses a well knit frame, graceful and agile, and a face most striking to look upon, notwithstanding the expression of almost hopeless sorrow that rests thereon.

His hair is gold brown, wavy, and unconfined by hat or cap, while his complexion is burned as brown as a berry.

Every feature is perfect, almost, in mould, the eyes hazel, large dreamy and shaded by long lashes, and the mouth daring and determined, though ever and anon the firmly cut lips tremble with emotion, as he gazes down upon his dead mother, and by a violent effort chokes back the tears of sorrow that well up from his heart.

The appearance of the wreck indicates that it was a packet ship, one of those swift sailing vessels used in the passenger trade between the Old and the New Worlds, before steam carried off the palm from canvas.

Whatever the vessel had once been, however, when thus beheld, drifting with the wind and tide, she was a perfect wreck, her mizzen mast and main mast gone, and her foremast alone standing, while her bulwarks were battered with the storm, and pierced here and there with the iron hail of artillery, as if an enemy had poured upon the ill-fated craft, several fatal broadsides, which deluged her decks, and carried ruin and death to ship and crew.

"Mamma! my mamma, why did you die and leave your poor boy all alone?" suddenly broke forth the lad in the saddest tones; and then, as the loose sail gave a louder flap than usual, he glanced upward, and then rising to his feet, sent a searching gaze around him.

As his eyes fell upon the distant storm clouds coming on from the eastward, his ears caught the low rumble of thunder, and his face turned a shade paler, while he said in an awe-struck whisper:

"There is going to be a terrible storm, and what will become of me and my dead mamma?"

An instant he stood, as if in painful thought, and then springing into the ratlins, rapidly ascended the rigging, with a fearless step and confidence which proved he was no stranger aloft.

"No ship in sight! no land in sight, and the storm coming on to sink me in the ocean with my poor dead mamma.

"No! yonder is land now; but it is very far away, and perhaps nobody lives there, for it may be an island, and if I went there I might starve—or be like Robinson Crusoe," and a gleam of pleasure shot in his eyes at the thought of becoming such a hero.

"But then *he* was a man, and *I* am only a boy," he sadly continued a moment after, and again his eyes swept the horizon far and wide.

"It is land, and the ship is drifting right upon it, and will go to pieces; but the storm will catch us before we get there, and I *wish* I was on the land, and I would bury mamma, for I don't want to put her in the sea; but before long God will take me up to Heaven with my mamma."

Again the tears were brushed back, and still clinging to the rigging, the noble boy gazed alternately upon the land, towards which the rapid tide was swiftly bearing the ship, and upon the approaching storm which was sweeping upon him, lashing the waters into fury, and roaring with savage joy at its power to wreck and slay.

Gradually, the daylight died away, and gloom settled upon the bosom of the sea, a gloom that every moment was pierced by one livid flash of lightning bursting from the storm clouds, and followed by a crash of Heaven's artillery that made the noble ship tremble from stem to stern.

Still on drifted the wreck, and yet in the rigging remained the fearless boy, his eyes now fastened upon the coming gale in steadfast gaze, except ever and anon to glance downward to where that cold white form lay in Death's embrace, and looking strangely weird-like in the spectral light that preceded the tempest.

Nearer and nearer rushed the destroying chaos of wind and waters, and spellbound at the sight the gallant boy still maintained his position, his lips firmly compressed, his eyes flashing, and bosom heaving with animation, and yet in that terrible moment calm, brave, and prepared to face the worst.

On, on, rushed the tempest, and a moment more the fated ship would have been engulphed, when, rising upon a long swell, it suddenly was plunged forward with frightful velocity, and settled down with a mighty crash upon a rocky reef, while, as if in fury at being despoiled of its prey, the storm-swept sea rushed over it with terrific force, bearing the delicate form of the dead mother upon its bosom far from the wreck and her loving son.

"Mamma! ah, mamma!"

The cry of anguish of the stricken boy was hurled back in his teeth by the tempest, and the force of the wind held him firmly against the rigging, as, unable to move, he gazed far off over the spray-lashed waters towards where he had last seen the ghastly form of his mother, and in his deep sorrow unmindful that the wreck was trembling beneath the rude shocks of the waves, and the mast was bending like a reed as the sails were torn in shreds from their hold, and borne landward on the gale.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHASE OF THE SEA BELLE.

Through the tempestuous waters of the Carribbean sea—some days previous to the scene of the wreck presented in the foregoing chapter, and at a period early in the present century—a majestic ship was swiftly rushing along under a tremendous press of canvas for such a breeze as was then blowing.

Upon the deck of the vessel every man stood at his post, while the captain and his officers eagerly scanned the ship, the sea, and the lowering skies, a look of marked anxiety resting upon every face.

Suddenly the deep boom of a heavy gun was heard, followed by the angry whirr of a solid shot, and a glance astern discovered the cause of this press of sail, and anxious look of the crew.

Not more than a mile distant, was visible a saucy-looking little schooner carrying sail enough to run her under, but fearlessly rushing on in pursuit of the large vessel, and appearing, so to speak, like the hound on the track of the deer.

Though the ship was a staunch craft, and a rapid sailer, the schooner appeared to steadily gain upon her, and notwithstanding the heavy seas came on with tremendous velocity under fore and main sails, and foremast staysail, which drove her slender and low hull *through* and not over the waves.

Upon the schooner's decks were, crowded to windward, some fifty men, attired in dark blue pants and shirts, and red woolen skull-caps, while their nationality was decidedly cosmopolitan, as hardly half a dozen of them were natives of any one country.

Aft, upon the quarter deck, stood two more ordinary seamen at the wheel, and three personages, whose dress proved them officers, for it consisted of white broadcloth pants, stuck in stylish top boots, a jacket of light blue material, profusely trimmed with silver braid, and a broad sailor-hat encircled by a gold cord.

Two of the officers, both quite young men, wore blue sashes of silk, which served as a pistol and sword belt, and the other, a man of striking appearance both in face and form, had a scarlet sash encircling his waist, and his whole manner was that of a commander.

A glance over the schooner's deck showed that she was heavily armed, carrying a large pivot gun fore and aft, and a battery of three brass twelve-pounders to a broadside.

Another look and the colors flying from the peak of the schooner told why the ship was so swiftly flying through the wild waves of the sea.

The schooner carried the black flag of the buccaneer.

Again was heard the deep boom of a heavy gun, followed by a crash of timbers, and the mizzen topmast of the ship was cut away.

"By heaven! yonder fellow is improving in his practice, and will soon be able to rake our decks. Mr. Warner, the Sea Belle *must* bear more canvas, so call the men and set every rag that she'll carry," and Captain De Leacy turned to his first officer, who stood near at hand, ready to obey his commander's orders.

"Ay, ay, sir; but she's straining now in the hull."

"It is better that her hull should strain, Mr. Warner, than that our necks should stretch," and the captain felt his throat caressingly, and gave another anxious look astern.

The mate at once took the hint, and the crew were piped up to make more sail, while the captain again bent an anxious look at the reckless foe on his track.

"Any Christian craft would be swamped, carrying the canvas he does; but yonder he comes, steadily overhauling the Sea Belle, and with sail enough set to run under a line-of-battle-ship. If the devil takes care of his own, I fear sadly for you, my beautiful Belle," continued the honest captain, glancing with sorrow and pride over his fine vessel.

The noise of the guns, and setting renewed sail on the ship, had brought to the deck two persons, passengers on the good ship Sea Belle. The one was a lovely woman, of perhaps thirty, and possessing a face of strange beauty, and a form yielding and graceful in the extreme. By her side was a lad of ten years of age, and between the two there was a striking resemblance, though the boy had not the same look of tender sad-

ness which dwelt in the eyes of his mother.

"Captain, your good ship behaves well, but I fear the schooner is the fleetest of the two," and the lady glanced anxiously astern, to where the pursuing vessel was plainly visible plunging through the rough waters, and still slowly creeping upon the Sea Belle.

"Mrs. St. Vale, I have dressed the Belle in all the clothes she dare wear in this blow, and yet, as you see, yonder sharp-nosed pirate still gains on us. But you are in danger here, for he has a good gunner at that forecastle gun of his."

"The danger may be even greater, should we be taken," quietly responded Mrs. St. Vale, while her face grew a shade paler.

With a muttered oath against the schooner, the good captain went forward and consulted with his two officers, the result of which was more canvas being forced upon the already bending masts.

With this extra sail the Sea Belle held her own, and as the sea became rougher her larger hull held the advantage over the schooner, and slowly she drew ahead once more, until at nightfall the two vessels were nearly three miles apart.

As soon as the darkness had shut in the schooner from view renewed hope arose in the hearts of all on board the Sea Belle; no lights were shown, her sail was quickly reduced, and the good ship put before the gale, Captain De Leacy determining to endeavor to elude his persistent and dangerous enemy.

All night long the ship was kept on her course until, just before daylight, the gale increased in violence, and she lay to to ride it out.

With the first peep of light the horizon was eagerly scanned to discover if the schooner was anywhere visible, and with a bitter curse Captain De Leacy sternly gave his orders to again get under way, for not two miles distant lay the tireless seahound, which through the darkness of the night had never lost sight of its prey.

Again over the mad waters rushed the Sea Belle, and in her wake followed her enemy, until Captain De Leacy determined to again risk his masts, and ordered the ship under all the canvas she would stand.

But the stout sticks were tested too far, and with a loud, crashing report the mizzenmast went over, while, as if to add to the scene of ruin, the schooner opened fire, and a well-directed shot wounded the mainmast about thirty feet above the deck.

Thus weakened, and with its great pressure of canvas upon it, and the drag of the mizzenmast, it tottered fearfully, and then a lurch of the ship hurled it into the sea.

Instantly brave men sprang to work with axes and cut away the wreck, and the noble vessel righted, her foremast alone remaining standing.

Then, as if reveling in his work of destruction, the schooner poured in broadside after broadside, until the cries of anguish and despair arose from the iron-torn decks, and mingled with the howling of the winds and roar of the waters.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE MEETING.

In the midst of the dire confusion and danger on board the Sea Belle, Mrs. St. Vale and her son suddenly appeared upon deck and sought the captain.

"Captain, is all hope gone?" asked the beautiful woman, in a voice tremulous with dread.

"We can do nothing now, poor lady; you see the enemy still pours in his fire upon us when he knows we are helpless. Warner, wave a white flag in token of our submission," cried the captain, his brow dark with anger, and mouth firmly set, as the groans of his dying men smote upon his ears.

"Mr. Warner is dead, sir," said a seaman, coming aft.

"Well, perhaps it is best so, as our fate may be worse; tell Mr. Forrest to hoist a flag of truce."

"Mr. Forrest was washed over with the wreck of the masts, sir."

"Great God! both my officers gone—ha! here comes another broadside, and——"

They were the last words this gallant captain ever uttered, for the iron hail from the schooner tore along the decks with fearful effect, scattering death fore and aft, and striking poor De Leacy down by the very side of Mrs. St. Vale.

"Oh, God! this is terrible; Earl, my son, I fear we must die a fearful death," cried the miserable mother, clasping her little son wildly to her heart, while the lad quietly responded:

"Don't cry, mamma, for we are not dead yet. See, the schooner is coming closer to us, and her decks are crowded with men wearing red caps," and Earl pointed to their daring foe, which was bearing down so as to come up directly under the stern of the Sea Belle.

Nearer and nearer came the schooner to the ship, which, totally unmanageable, was rolling and pitching upon the rough waters, and at length the faces of the pirate horde were distinctly visible.

"Ahoy! ahoy the ship!" suddenly called out a ringing voice from the schooner, and her commander sprang into the ratlines and gazed eagerly at the large and handsome vessel which he had chased to her doom.

"Ay, ay," gruffly responded the old boatswain, walking aft to where Mrs. St. Vale and her son stood.

"I have punished you enough with my guns, so I will not fire on you again if you obey my orders. Rig what canvas you can, and stand on, on a southerly course, until the sea goes down sufficient for me to board you," came the stern order in the voice of the schooner's commander.

The boatswain made no reply, but sullenly called to the remainder of his crew and gave his orders, which resulted in the Sea Belle soon again standing on her course under what little canvas she could carry, while under merely his foremast staysail and mainsail reefed down close, the schooner followed in her wake, her officers and crew seeming to gloat over the rich prize that had fallen to their lot, after two days and nights' hot chase.

Late in the afternoon the wind had died away and the sea run down sufficiently to permit boarding, and the schooner signaled the Sea Belle to lay-to, and with the greatest dread the frightened seamen gathered on the quarter-deck to await the coming of the pirate's boat.

Also, with staring eyes and throbbing heart, Mrs. St. Vale stood in silence, awaiting her fate, her eyes one moment turned upon the approaching boat, and then upon her son with a look of deepest solicitude.

"Oh, God! what will become of us?" she murmured, as the schooner's boat touched the ship's side, and the buccaneer chief and his men sprang upon the deck of the Sea Belle.

In youth, every one has had an idea of what a pirate chief should be, and Earl certainly had pictured to himself a handsome, dashing buccaneer commander, who would treat ladies with respect, but be very severe with the crew of his prize.

Had it not been for the fear, which, young as he was, he knew his mother felt, Earl St. Vale would have greatly enjoyed the chase by the private schooner, on account of its romance and adventure; but the beautiful face of his mother was too full of anguish at their fate, for him to take any pleasure in his boyish dreams being realized.

But, there before him was his beau ideal of what a corsair chief should be—a tall, splendidly formed, handsomely uniformed man, carrying a gleaming sword in his right hand, and a silver mounted pistol in his left.

A strangely dark, fascinating face, and eyes that seemed to pierce one through, but yet a face stern and cruel, while a look of reckless dissipation and unbridled passions haunted it, and greatly marred its, otherwise, almost perfect contour.

In the man, as he advanced, with quick, firm steps, Earl recognized something familiar, what, he could not tell, and also did his mother, for suddenly a flood of bygone memories rushed over her, she tottered, as if about to fall, and cried in a voice of deepest pathos:

"Oh, God! have mercy on me! Leon St. Elmo! you here! *the commander of a pirate craft!*"

"Ha! Clarice Burke! have our paths again met, and in mid ocean?"

The tones of the chief were at first those of surprise, but quickly changed to bitterness, as he started back, and folding his arms gazed upon the woman before him, who knelt upon the deck, and with one arm around her boy, cried, in most supplicating tones:

"Leon St. Elmo, before have I begged mercy of you on bended knee, and you heeded not my prayer; yet again I cry for mercy at your hands for myself and my boy.

"You are a sea robber, and your life is spent in taking life for gold, but I beg you to take all I have, gold, jewels, all, and let me and my boy go free."

"Clarice, once, my adored angel, I sued at your pretty feet for love, and you gave me hate; ay, *you* made me what I now am, and my life is accursed.

"*Your* gold I will not touch, but my revenge you shall feel, you and your son, who bears in his face the image of—bah! I must not speak that name, for even from *my* lips it would be music in your ears, and only bitterness can you expect from me. Now you shall hear your doom," and with a sneering, evil laugh, the chief turned and called out in his ringing tones:

"Who commands this ship?"

"Captain De Leacy was her commander, but he and his two officers fell under your devilish fire. I am the boatswain," bluntly returned the old seaman Lawrence.

"Well boatswain, call your men together and prepare them to walk the plank."

"Good God! are you going to kill us?" cried the boatswain, while Mrs. St. Vale groaned aloud:

"Do as you will with me, but spare these innocent men."

"Boatswain, you have my orders, and my men will tell you I never repeat them," quietly responded the schooner's captain, and lighting a cigar he coolly awaited to see that he was obeyed.

CHAPTER IV.

DOOMED.

For a moment the old boatswain seemed overcome with emotion, his strong frame shook, and his lips trembled, but by a violent effort he controled himself, and his voice was firm as he cried out:

"Seamen of the Sea Belle, ahoy! All hands to meet death!"

Even the stern and cruel face of the pirate chief relaxed at these bold words, and he said, after a moment:

"You are a brave man, boatswain, and your life shall be saved if you will serve me. Yonder flies my flag."

And he pointed to the hideous ensign of the buccaneer flying at the peak of the schooner.

"I'd rather *die* under the stars and stripes, than *live* under the black flag of a pirate!" boldly answered the boatswain.

"Ha! that is your humor then! By heaven, it shall be gratified! Men, rig the plank, and form these fellows for the march of death!"

And the chief turned to his own crew, who instantly sprang to obey his commands.

Still upon the deck knelt the miserable woman, chiefly against whom the hatred of the buccaneer was directed, and only an occasional sob broke from her, as in brave tones her boy tried to cheer her.

Soon all was in readiness for the impromptu execution, and the boatswain and his men, ten in number, all that remained of the crew of the once gallant ship, stood in line, pale, yet determined, though upon the faces of some rested a scared look, for they knew that death had his icy clutch upon them, and felt that in the heart of the pirate chief was not one atom of mercy.

Each one of the ship's crew was manacled, and in their hands they carried a heavy iron ball chained to them, and the weight of which was to drag them quickly down to a deep sea grave.

"Are all ready?" called out the chief.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied one of the buccaneer lieutenants, a mere youth in appearance, for he possessed a slender, graceful form, and a face womanly in its beauty, though it was pale and stern to a degree that one would not believe possible for such perfection of features to assume.

"What! is that all of the ship's crew?" cried the captain, glancing his eye over the line.

"All, excepting the officers and several men who were slain and half a dozen wounded," quietly responded the young officer.

"Throw the wounded overboard," was the stern order.

And quickly the bleeding forms of several gallant seamen were seized in the brawny arms of the pirate's crew, and hurled into the sea.

A heavy splash, a shriek of agony or terror, and the doomed men alone remained to walk the plank.

"Now, boatswain, you can lead off in the dance of death," cruelly sneered the chief.

The old seaman promptly answered:

"Ay, ay, sir; and one of these days you'll dance to death at the end of a rope." Then, turning to Mrs. St. Vale, he continued: "Poor lady! I wish we had fought it out, to protect you, but we didn't know we had to deal with the devil himself. Good-bye, lady; good-bye, my lad; and if you would only say a prayer, lady, for us poor fellows, I know God would answer it from your sweet lips, while He might not do it if we made bold to ask Him ourselves, lady, for you see, we sailors ain't logged in the Book of Heaven. Come, boys; now we'll show this Bloodhound and his murdering crew how American seamen can die. All hands, ahoy!"

Instantly ascending the platform, the bold seaman walked with firm step along the plank, which projected far beyond the ship's side, and calling out, "All hands, ahoy! Ho, for the cruise of death, lads," he sprang into the sea.

A sudden splash of the waters, a gurgling sound, and the brave old boatswain had disappeared from human eyes, his body to lie entombed in the deep sea caverns, and his soul to sail on through the blue oceans of heaven to a haven beyond the skies.

Emboldened by the brave bearing of their comrade, the poor seamen one by one went nobly to his cruel death, each one waving a farewell to Mrs. St. Vale and Earl, and a few of them bestowing, gratis, a curse upon the pirate chief and his inhuman crew.

As the last plunge was heard, Mrs. St. Vale gave a long-drawn sigh, as if her very heart-strings would break, and glanced furtively up into the cold, unmoved face of the man whom she had called Leon St. Elmo.

"You are a cruel man, and if I had a pistol I would kill you and save my mother," suddenly spoke out Earl in his fearless, boyish tones.

"Ha! there spoke your father, boy. Well, you will have a chance to protect your mother, for I intend to leave you together. Here, Vernon!" And the chief turned to his handsome young lieutenant. "Have all the valuables removed from this craft to the schooner, excepting the property of this lady and her son. All else the men are free to help themselves to. And be lively, Vernon, for there is another terrible blow coming up."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the young officer.

And instantly the pirate crew went to work filling their boats with the valuable cargo of the Sea Belle, and transferring it to the schooner.

During the transfer, the chief, after a short stay in the cabin of the ship, came upon deck, and moodily paced to and fro, as if wholly unmindful of the crouching form of Mrs. St. Vale, and Earl, who stood beside her.

"Leon St. Elmo, what is to be the fate of me and my boy?" suddenly asked the sorrowing woman.

"That you shall soon know. I intend to leave you alone on this ship, to drift about with the wind and tide, until the storms run her down, or she wrecks on some inhospitable shore, for in these waters a helpless craft will not last long. Clarice, am I not at last avenged?"

"Thank God, it is no worse! Oh, miserable man! you who once had a loving mother, a happy home——"

"Curse you, Clarice Burke! don't you dare recall that dream of youth to me now. Ho, men! into the boats, or this storm will be upon us. Madam, I leave you and your son monarchs of all you survey, and wish you *bon voyage*."

"Oh, heaven have mercy on us!" groaned the poor woman.

But with a cruel smile, and the malicious look of a devil lighting up his handsome face, Leon St. Elmo, the pirate chief, sprang into his waiting boat, and the next moment was on the deck of his graceful schooner, which, at once, under greatly reduced sail, prepared to meet the gale that was sweeping upon them.

On, on it came, and in the darkness of the storm and the wild dash of the spray the schooner was lost sight of by the two deserted beings upon the ship, which, though thrown upon her beam-ends by the shock of the tempest, quickly righted again, and dashed away upon the wings of the gale.

For self-preservation Mrs. St. Vale and Earl had rushed into the cabin when the storm was upon them, and for long, long hours they huddled together listening to the fearful war without, and dreading each moment to see their noble vessel go down beneath the waters.

But the Sea Belle was a gallant ship, and bravely rode out the storm, and once again the mother and son ascended to the deck.

But at length the strong nerve of the woman had given way, her brave heart had broken with the sorrow of all she had seen and undergone, and she felt that she must die.

In vain did she strive to rally for the sake of her son, and send the noble boy time after time up the masthead for the sight of a welcome sail.

None came to his eager view, and at last all hope was gone, human nature had struggled with superhuman power, but it could stand no more, and gently she, who in her girlhood days had been known as Clarice Burke, sunk into the deep sleep of death, as calmly as though she was passing off into the land of dreams, and with her only regret that she would have to leave behind her her brave boy to face the bitterness of a cruel world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The *New York Herald* has received two letters from Mr. Stanley, who is engaged in exploring the N'yanza lakes of Africa. Mr. Stanley by the beginning of March had reached the shores of the Victoria Lake, having accomplished the remarkable march of seven hundred and twenty miles in one hundred and three days. He had passed through a totally new country, much of it forest jungle, where great sufferings were endured from hunger, and had been engaged for several days in conflict with a fierce and treacherous people called the Watura, in which he lost twenty-one of his followers. Two of his European companions, Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker, had died of fever, Mr. Stanley had made a survey of the greater part of the Victoria N'yanza Lake, and contributes much that is new concerning the country.

SENTIMENTS of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.

AUTUMN SONG.

A little bird flew through the dell,
And where the falling sunbeams fell
He warbled thus his wondrous lay:
"Adieu! adieu! I go away;
Far, far,
Must I a voyage ere the twilight star."

It pierced me through, the song he sang,
With many a sweet and bitter pang;
For wounding joy, delicious pain,
My bosom swelled and sank again.
Heart! heart!
Is it drunk with bliss or woe thou art?

Then, when I saw the drifted leaves,
I said, "Already Autumn grieves!
To Summer skies the swallow flies;
So Love departs and Loneliness lies.
Far, far,
Where the Radiant and Bounteous are."

But soon the sun shone out anew,
And back the little flutterer flew;
He saw my grief, he saw my tears,
And sang, "Love knows no Winter years!
No! no!
While it lives its breath is Summer glow."

Prairie Prince,

THE BOY OUTLAW;

OR,

TRAILED TO HIS DOOM!

BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY,

"BUFFALO BILL."

(This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TREACHERY.

To keep his promise made the adjutant, and meet him at the appointed rendezvous, the Prairie Prince left the secret retreat at an early hour, bidding Black Wolf to come and seek him if he did not return by the following morning.

"Me go, too," said the chief, quietly.

"No, my friend; I told the lieutenant I was to come alone, and he was to act as the friend of both Racine and myself."

So saying, the outlawed youth mounted his horse and departed from the valley, slowly wending his way in the direction of the appointed rendezvous.

It was long before sunset ere he reached the motte, and with his father's death still unavenged, he felt restless and paced to and fro near the grave, his eyes bent sadly upon the humble mound.

At length the trees cast long shadows across the prairie, and the day was far spent, but still they came not, and the youth began to grow nervous.

"No, he would hardly do that——ah! yonder comes a party now, and, as I live, the adjutant and major are not alone. Can Leo Denver have deceived me? No, he would not do that; ah, I have it, he has brought an escort. Anyhow I will trust him; and if they mean treachery, boy though I am, they will find it no easy undertaking to capture me alive."

Saddling Greyhound, and having all in readiness for flight or fight, Prairie Prince then looked to his arms, and quietly awaited the coming troop, every nerve like iron, and his face cold, stern, and determined.

At length the troopers arrived, and at their head was Leo Denver, but nowhere visible was Dudley Racine.

"Does he refuse to meet me?" cried the youth, as the adjutant sprang to the ground.

"He certainly does, and——"

"Coward! he dreads to meet a mere boy."

"He says he will not meet you, and he is determined to take you; and I well know, my young friend, that he will place his whole command upon your trail, and I advise you, while yet you are free, to leave——"

"Lieutenant Denver, you do not know me, sir. I will not leave this country until I have kept my oath. For the sake of Daisy Racine I desired to quickly end this deadly feud, by meeting the chief criminal and giving him a chance for his life. He has refused me, and now must accept the result. But, adjutant, I thought you were to come alone?"

"So I intended, but Major Racine would have it that I should bring an escort."

"Then I must be on my guard if he ordered it. It may be an accident, sir, but in yonder escort you have every man, excepting the chief, who hung my father, for when I was a prisoner in the fort I bribed the guard to point me out the men, and every face is indelibly stamped upon my mind."

"It is accident then, for I myself did not know all the men, as I was not with the train when the execution took place."

"I believe you, lieutenant. Now we must part, and I give yonder fellows one hour's start, and then they will find me on their trail," and Prairie Prince spoke in terrible earnest.

The lieutenant sighed, bade the youth to remember him to Star Eyes and the Black Wolf, offered his hand in farewell, and turned to depart.

Hardly had his foot touched the stirrup, when the silent troopers, who were some thirty yards from where the meeting had taken place, gave a loud cheer and spurred suddenly forward, led on by Sergeant Sims.

"Halt! halt! I say, you devils!" yelled the surprised officer, drawing his sword and spurring after his men.

But unheeding the command, the troopers dashed on with wild yells.

Yet they had brought a lion to bay, for instantly the repeating rifle of the Prairie Prince flashed forth, once, twice, thrice, and as many troopers rolled on the prairie, while suddenly from the rear of the youth, and coming from the thick growth of timber, pealed forth a quick, light report, and then the sharp report of a heavy rifle, and the terrible warwhoop of Black Wolf was heard, mingled with the shrill cry of a woman.

Both shots had gone true to their mark, and the Prairie Prince gave answer in his well known warcry, and throwing aside his rifle drew a revolver in each hand.

But the terrified troopers were no longer rushing on their prey, for five of their number were down, and their lieutenant was in the midst of the remaining four beating them back with his sword, until in dismay the remainder turned and fled over the prairie just as darkness came on.

Then a shrill call pierced the motte, and with a loud neigh Greyhound dashed to his young master's side. Instantly the Prairie Prince was in the saddle and in hot pursuit of the flying foe, while Leo Denver rode up to where Black Wolf and Star Eyes stood, and from them received a pleasant greeting, for well they knew he had no hand in the treachery of his followers, and it was because he expected that Major Racine might play the youth false, that the chief and his daughter quietly left the valley, and riding more rapidly than did Prairie Prince, arrived first at the motte and secreted themselves there to be of service should their fears be realized.

After a short conversation with his Indian friends, Leo Denver bade them farewell and turned towards the fort, determined in his own mind to let Major Racine know how shameful he considered his treachery, and half glad that the gallant youth had dealt so severely with the treacherous band.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRAILED TO HIS DOOM.

Midnight had passed, and yet in lonely solitude Dudley Racine sat in his room, every sound causing him to start suddenly with fear and hope.

At length there came a firm tread upon the piazza, and opening the door the commandant saw before him Leo Denver, and a glance into his face showed he had ill-tidings for him.

"Well, Denver, you are back again?"

"Yes; and a most treacherous and disastrous affair my mission turned out to be," bluntly replied the adjutant.

"What mean you?"

"Major Racine, what I have to say may not please you——"

"Hold! let us retire from here to the summer-house on the river bank, for our voices may keep Daisy awake," interrupted Major Racine, trembling in spite of himself.

Silently the adjutant acquiesced, and soon after the two were in the summer-house, some fifty yards distant from the house.

"Now I will hear what you have to say, adjutant."

"It will not please you, sir, for I dislike treachery, even with a foe, and, there is an old saying of honor among thieves, which you seem to have forgotten."

"Leo Denver, do you know to whom you speak?" cried Dudley Racine, his face turning livid in the moonlight.

"I speak to a man who made me a tool to his treacherous undertaking to obtain possession of a gallant boy."

"He is then a prisoner," joyously cried the Major.

"Not by any means! you merely aided him in keeping his oath."

"I do not understand."

"I will explain! you sent Corporal Sims and eight men out with me as an escort, and those were the men who aided in the hanging of Gilmore. My part of the re-union was to meet Prairie Prince, and tell him you declined to accept his challenge, and that I did, and was about to depart, when my escort raised a yell and dashed upon the youth. But he was too quick for them, for ere they had half covered the space towards him, his rifle tumbled three from their saddles, and——"

"Great God!"

"Why! you have not heard the worst of it, I assure you. Then two more rifles were fired from an ambush, where unknown to the youth, Black Wolf and Star Eyes were concealed, and their aim was also deadly."

"God in Heaven, did you capture none of the fugitives?" yelled the Major in a fury.

"Mine was a re-union of peace, not treachery, sir! but to continue, the troopers could not stand the racket, especially as I was pummeling them with the flat of my sword, and they cleared out, with the Prairie Prince at their heels. I followed more slowly, and every now and then I came to a dead body."

"Good God!"

"And at the outer stockade, I found the last of the band lying groaning in the road. He was severely wounded, and was the only one who had escaped alive. I bore the sergeant to the hospital."

"It was Sergeant Sims, then?"

"Yes; I placed him in the hands of the surgeon, who, after examining his wounds says, he cannot live until morning."

"My God! I am then the last one of the doomed band, and my hour is certain to come now."

Springing to his feet, the Major paced excitedly up and down the flooring of the little summer house, the adjutant watching him with strange intent. At length Leo Denver said:

"Major, I desire further conversation with you upon this matter, and——"

"Not to-night, adjutant! not to-night. To-morrow, I will be at your service; but to-night I cannot hear more. Good night, sir, and come to me in the morning."

The lieutenant arose, bowed, and departed, while Dudley Racine reentered his house, and sought his lonely room. Long he sat there in painful meditation, his face hid in his hands. At length he raised his head, and the change that had come over him was startling, for his eyes were sunken, his face livid, and his lips tremulous with emotion. After a while, he muttered, and his voice was strangely hoarse and hollow.

"The end has come at last! and I, Dudley Racine, have not the courage to live on in this deadly fear. No! death is preferable, and I will become my own destroyer. But first let me tell her all—no, I must write it, for I cannot face her and speak."

Turning to his desk, the miserable man seized pen, ink and paper, and began to write. Long he was thus occupied, and having written, sealed, and addressed several letters, he arose and slowly paced the room, his face growing colder, harder, and each moment more determined. For an hour he walked thus, and then approaching a small cupboard took from it a phial, labelled "laudanum." Emptying the contents into a glass, he extinguished the light, walked towards his bed, and dashed the contents off with a bitter curse and prayer commingled. Throwing himself upon the bed his whole frame shook with an agony of fear and pain, until the angel of death called away his guilty soul from its earthly crime-stained casket, and Dudley Racine had been driven to meet his doom.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LETTERS.

The sun arose in brilliant beauty, the morning after the return of Adjutant Denver, from his ill starred trip, and a courier arriving with dispatches, the lieutenant took them to the head quarters of his chief. Upon the piazza engaged in sewing, sat Daisy, who greeted the lieutenant with a pleasant smile, saying:

"Papa is not yet up, adjutant, for it was late before he retired, and I would not have him called."

"I have dispatches brought by a courier, Miss Daisy, so I will go right in."

And into the commandant's room he walked to start back with a cry of horror, that brought Daisy in terror to his side. There lay Major Racine dead, and indeed a frightful picture of death, for his face was almost black, his eyes wide open, and his hands clinched tight together.

"Oh, God! have mercy upon me! my poor! poor father!" cried Daisy, and she would have fallen had not Leo Denver caught her in his strong arms and borne her gently into her room. Then calling her servant, and also summoning aid, he re-entered the room of death, and took up the letters lying upon the desk. One was addressed to himself, one to a banking house in New York City, another to Daisy, and the fourth to "Ivan Gilmore—the Prairie Prince."

Tearing open the letter addressed to himself, in the presence of the horrified officers who soon hastily gathered in the room, he read aloud, as follows:

"SENTINEL OUTPOST, Oct. 10, 18—.

"TO ADJUTANT LEO DENVER.

"SIR:—Of late adversity has pressed hard upon me, and the future hold forth only dread and misery, so I end my own life, to seek rest and oblivion in the grave.

"Let me be buried in the cemetery, and my sword and pistols please keep for yourself.

"My other effects you will turn over to my daughter Daisy, whom I desire to return to her former home in New York, and I am going to request that you act as her guardian and escort until she is safe in the house of those to whom I direct her; her future movements will be determined by the letter I write her.

"The letter addressed to Messrs. Felix, Scott & Co., Bankers, New York, will obtain for you what funds you lay out.

"Feeling assured that you will grant the dying request of your old commander in arms, I remain for the last time,

"Yours, etc.,

"DUDLEY RACINE,

"*Commandant Sentinel Outpost.*"

Having read his letter to his brother officers, Leo placed the other three in his pocket, and seeking Daisy gave her the one addressed to her. The poor girl had recovered consciousness, and though deeply sorrowing, was comparatively calm. Handing her the letter, and bidding her, also, read the one written to him, he was about to withdraw when the maiden said:

"Lieutenant, don't leave me, but wait and see what my father has written."

Breaking the seal, Daisy read:

"My poor little girl, when your eyes fall on these lines your father will have ceased to live; but grieve not too deeply for me, as I am too vile to be loved by the pure and innocent. Driven to despair, I commit the act that ends my desperate life, feeling that I will not leave you desolate, for the letter addressed to Ivan Gilmore, the Prairie Prince, and which I wish you to give him, will make known to you a deep mystery and crime in my life. More I cannot now say, for my minutes are numbered. Trust in Adjutant Denver, for he is a noble man, and will be a friend to you. And now, Daisy, my darling child, forgive your sinful father, and sometimes pray for him. This is my dying wish. Farewell, Daisy.

"YOUR FATHER."

Long hours did poor Daisy sit and mourn after reading her father's letter, but, as the afternoon wore on, she became more calm, and feeling that she must act for herself, she attended to different duties, and won renewed admiration from the young officers by her brave demeanor.

The following morning, with grand military pomp, the body of the commandant was consigned to the grave, and Daisy returned to her lonely cabin feeling wholly deserted.

But, conquering her feelings, she set about her preparations for departure, and sent for Adjutant Denver.

"Lieutenant, I have determined to leave here just as soon as you can arrange to accompany me; but first it is my intention to seek out the Prairie Prince and deliver to him this letter from my father. You know where he can be found, I believe?"

"I know the locality, Miss Daisy, and doubtless can find him."

"Good; I will accompany you, and will encamp with the escort you carry, until you have found him. Can you start to-morrow morning?"

"Easily; I will be in readiness with a squadron of troopers as a protection."

"I thank you."

And Daisy, who seemed no longer a young girl, turned to her duties of preparation.

The following afternoon a small cavalcade halted in the hills, not many miles from the secret retreat, and Leo Denver and Daisy Racine rode on alone in search of the Prairie Prince.

Hardly had they ridden a mile, when they discovered a horseman standing on the side of the hill ahead of them.

It was the Boy Outlaw.

A glad cry escaped Daisy's lips, and, recognizing them, Prairie Prince rode onward, and the next moment he was at the side of the maiden, who cried:

"Oh! I am so glad to see you, for we came to seek you."

"Indeed! Why do you seek me, Miss Racine, when you know my oath to slay your father will be kept."

"No, no, no! my poor father is dead!"

"Dead! Dudley Racine dead!"

"Yes, Major Racine committed suicide."

"Ha! I did trail him to his doom. Ah, I beg pardon, Miss Racine, and, lieutenant, I interrupted you."

"I was saying that Major Racine poisoned himself, and before he did so wrote several letters, one of which was addressed to me, another to his daughter, a third to his New York bankers, and the fourth to you."

"To me, Adjutant Denver!"

"Yes, and Miss Daisy has brought it to you."

The Prairie Prince was lost in deep silence for a moment, and then said, slowly:

"With the death of Major Racine my oath is canceled, so I need no longer hide like a hunted hound. Come, Miss Racine—come, adjutant, accompany me to my valley retreat, and there I will read my letter."

Leading the way the Prairie Prince rode on, and to the terror of his companions conducted them along the danger-

ous pathway to his retreat, where, to the great surprise of Black Wolf and Star Eyes, they shortly after arrived.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONFESSION.

Leaving Star Eyes and Black Wolf to welcome his guests, Prairie Prince took from Daisy the letter addressed to him, and, seeking a secluded part of the valley, sat down to its perusal, for its bulk proved it was a lengthy epistle.

Like the others it was dated at Sentinel Outpost, October 10th, 18——, and then began as follows:

"Whether Gerold Gilmore made you acquainted with the secret of his past life I know not, yet judge that he did, from the persistent hatred with which you have dogged my footsteps.

"Still, I have a confession to make, and in doing so hope that it may serve, in a measure, to atone for the crimes of my life, and the cruel treatment I bestowed upon your father.

"I am now forty-five years of age, and was born in England two years after the birth of Gerold Gilmore, who was *my brother*.

"Our father was a nobleman, an English lord, whose fortune having been impoverished by speculation, until he held nothing but his homestead and its surrounding acres, he determined to emigrate to America, which he did, bringing with him my brother Gerold and myself, for we were all the family he had, mother dying in giving me birth.

"Arriving in this country, my father set to work, and being prosperous, was in a few years in easy circumstances.

"Having become attached to his adopted home and land, he was not in a hurry to return to England, and brought us up in ignorance of our rank, and obtained for us commissions in the service of the United States, Gerold entering the navy as a midshipman, and I going to West Point as a cadet.

"Returning home on leave of absence, when in my twenty-fifth year, I found Gerold also there, but not alone, for he had brought home with him a beautiful bride, a Cuban whom he had married in Havana.

"From the moment I saw Gerold's bride I loved her, and then the devil in my being became pre-eminent, and I told her of my love and was cast off with scorn.

"Again I returned to service, and on the frontier passed a year, when once more I found myself at home, called to the bedside of my dying father.

"Gerold was absent on a cruise, but his wife was there, more beautiful than ever, and together we watched beside my dying parent until he breathed his last, unable in his delirium to give us his blessing.

"After the funeral I took charge of the private papers of my father, and then, with surprise and delight, discovered that by the death of my father my brother Gerold became Lord Gilmore.

"But the secret I kept carefully hidden, and leaving Nita, my brother's wife, in the mansion, I set out for England, having obtained renewed leave of absence.

"My desire was to claim the title and estates, maintaining that my father was dead, and I the next heir, but I could not prove the death of Gerold, and driven wild by ambition, for the long neglected estates had increased to an enormous value, I started forth to look up *proofs* of Gerold's death, and in my mind determined to slay him.

"I followed him around for a long time before I could find him, and then discovered that he was in New York with his wife, having resigned from the navy.

"He welcomed me warmly, and with pride exhibited his boy, you, Ivan Gilmore.

"To gain my end (the death of your father) I was compelled to be cautious, and hating your mother for her scorn of me, I plotted and planned until I sowed in Gerold's mind the seeds of suspicion against his wife, and that was my revenge against her.

"In despair at the doubt of her husband your mother took her own life, leaving a dying confession in which she swore to her innocence, and placed the whole plot where it belonged, on me, and adding that she would rather die that she might prove herself unsullied, than live and be deemed untrue.

"Upon reading his wife's confession, and grieved at her loss, Gerold sought me out and I wounded him severely, and believed I had killed him.

"Yet to shield me he said he had been attacked by robbers, and summoning me to his bedside bade me forever leave his presence.

"I left New York, after turning into cash all the property my father had left me, and roaming through foreign lands, married in Prussia a lady of great beauty and refinement.

"Daisy is the daughter of that lady, who, poor woman, died of a broken heart from my cruel treatment to her, for I never loved her.

"I buried her in Spain, where she died, and returning to the United States brought Daisy with me, placing her in the care of some friends in New York.

"A thorough search for my brother resulted in the opinion that he was dead, as that was the rumor, and nowhere could I obtain the slightest trace of him.

"Then I again sought England and endeavored to claim my title and estates, but after long delay was compelled to relinquish the idea yet awhile, or until it was proved my brother was dead by a long time of advertising for him in different parts of the world.

"Having run through with my money, I again sought service in the army, and an Indian war coming on, I was appointed a captain of a frontier post.

"Afterwards I was promoted, and ordered to Fort Sentinel, and since then you know my career.

"Now you know why I hung your father, and why I longed for your life, for I yet lived in hopes of being Lord Dudley Racine, for when my brother left New York, after his wife's death, he dropped his last name, calling himself simply Gerold Gilmore.

"Now, that I am on the brink of the grave, I am willing to confess that fear of you has driven me to suicide, and hence you are avenged.

"To attempt some reparation in my dying hour I write this letter, that by it, and the papers in my private desk, you may prove yourself Lord Ivan Racine.

"In my banker's hands in New York I have a few thousand dollars, which you may need, and which I am assured Daisy will never want, as you will, after gaining your estates and title, keep her from poverty and distress, as she is your own cousin.

"Now, Ivan Racine, I dare not ask your forgiveness, but yet I would beg that you do not curse the memory of

"Your unworthy uncle,
"DUDLEY RACINE."

Three times did Ivan, the Prairie Prince, carefully read over the letter in his hands, and then slowly rising, with heart and brain filled with conflicting emotions, he went to the cabin, and calling Daisy and Leo Denvers, slowly and distinctly again perused the epistle, to their great surprise, and certainly the joy of both of them.

Though deep was the sorrow that Daisy felt for her father's crime-stained life, she could not but feel that at last rest had come and that she knew all, and to Ivan she turned with the perfect confidence of a sister.

After a consultation upon the matter, it was decided that Daisy should return to the fort with Adjutant Denver, and after procuring her traps should come on to the settlement, where was the home of the Prairie Prince, who, with Black Wolf and Star Eyes, should at once go to the valley and prepare for their arrival.

Having come to this arrangement, the adjutant and his fair companion started upon their return to Sentinel Outpost, after having partaken of a hearty meal prepared by the dainty fingers of Star Eyes.

Shortly after their departure, the Prairie Prince and his two friends set off for the settlement, where they arrived in good time, and were delightedly welcomed back by the worthy Hiram and Nancy.

Two days after, the adjutant and Daisy arrived, and it was a comparatively happy party that gathered around the well-spread board, upon which Nancy had exerted her greatest culinary skill.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

After a reasonable rest at his cabin-home, Ivan, as I must now call the Prairie Prince and Boy Outlaw, determined to set out for New York, taking advantage of a train that was going eastward.

Ere the departure of himself and Daisy, however, there was a wedding in the settlement, and the contracting parties were none other than Captain (for he had lately been promoted) Leo Denver and Miss Star Eyes Black Wolf, who had followed the example of Pocahontas and married her paleface "captain in the army."

The bridal present from Ivan consisted of the cabin and farm, with all of its appurtenances, and happy indeed was the young couple in their new walk in life.

Black Wolf, the distinguished father-in-law, exhibited his pleasure by getting gloriously drunk by joining his darker-hued companion, Hiram, in drinking toasts to the "President of the United States, and all others in authority;" but Nancy quickly sobered her worser half off, and the chief started for a hunt on the prairies to cool his heated brow.

After a pleasant trip across the plains, and a railroad run eastward, Ivan and Daisy arrived safely in New York, and after viewing the sights in the great metropolis, the maiden being the guest of her friends with whom she had lived when in the city receiving her education, the cousins took steamer for Liverpool, and in due course of time arrived in the native land of their forefathers.

Upon his arrival in London Ivan sought out Messrs. Keene & Dunn, the lawyers who had acted for his uncle, and into their hands placed all the proofs and papers bearing upon his claim to the title and estates of the late Lord Racine, his grandfather; and after experiencing the law's delay for a few months, came in possession as the legitimate and honored heir to the vast property and noble title.

Placing Daisy under the care of an elderly lady relative, who was glad to own kinship with the handsome young lord, Ivan removed to his baronial home and at once set his home in order for the greatest event of his life, which was being united in the holy bonds of matrimony to his lovely cousin Daisy Racine, who became at once the reigning belle of London, and after much sorrow and suffering found joy in the devoted love of her noble husband, once known as Prairie Prince, the Boy Outlaw.

POSTSCRIPTS.

THE Masons of France number 500,000.

WRITTEN invitations for marriages are now all the fashion.

A NATIVE Japanese publisher has issued a translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

THE number of miles of railroad in the United States is said to be sufficient to encircle the whole world thrice.

"BLUE TEAR," "Pudding Lunches," and "Myrtle Germans," are to be the "rage" this season.

THE oldest harp in the world is said to be that preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, which was made in the eleventh century.

A WOMAN in Massachusetts fed a tramp the other day, after which he asked if he might go to bed long enough for her to wash and iron his shirt.

THE term Manhattan as applied to the island on which the city of New York stands, is taken from the name given by the Indians to the original Dutch settlement in 1621, and means "the place where they (the Indians) all got drunk."

THE King of Burmah's full title is: "His Great, Glorious and Most Excellent Majesty, who reigns over the Kingdom of Thuaparanta and Tampadips and all the Umbrella-bearing Chiefs of the Eastern Country, the King of the Rising Sun, Lord of the Celestial Elephants, the Great Chief of Righteousness, King of Burmah."

THE pebble powder used for the latest monster in the way of artillery—the 81-ton gun—is like nothing so much as well-picked pieces of coal. Every grain is at least an inch and a half square, or as large as those peculiar paving stones named "Birmingham kidneys." The charge for the gun may be compared to a bolster filled with these black cubes till it is as big as a well-fattened porker.

THE roll-call of the Forty-fourth Congress shows a greater number of names duplicated than that of any preceding one. There are seven by the name of Williams, three Harises, two Bagleys, and the same number of the name of Baker, Brown, Burchard, Caldwell, Cannon, Clark, Hamilton, Hewitt, Jones, Landers, Mackey, Phillips, Reilley, Robbins, Ross, Smith, Townsend, Vance, Walker, Wallace, Wilson, and Wood.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

THE CAVE OF OGRES.

BY CAPT. CARNES.

It was the boldest outrage that had come under my notice since I had cast my fortunes on that Continent which rises so lonesomely from the bosom of the salt sea. The outpost, temporarily and carelessly weakened by a volunteer company of soldiers crossing the country a piece towards New South Wales as escort of a chain-gang, had, doubtless, been betrayed from within, and was surprised and pillaged by a fierce mounted body of outlaws from the bush, and when the confusion and terror had subsided and the wounded cared for, it was discovered that Rowena, the commandant's young and handsome daughter, was missing. Every face was blanched, every heart filled with consternation.

In the wild, hilly districts lying adjacent to the outpost, a score of timid maidens might be safely hidden away for an indefinite time. Instant pursuit was proposed, and a score of reckless, undisciplined men flung themselves into the saddle and scoured away in as open and confident a style as if starting upon a kangaroo hunt. As if the kidnapper would carry his prize openly over a country where, at least, he was liable to stumble upon a straggling party of miners or roving gang of freebooters at any moment!

But my business in the States had taught me better. I sought first the distracted parents and questioned them closely, eliciting only these statements, in substance: The young girl had no enemies—no lover.

Then, doubtless, as far as she was concerned, the outrage was not premeditated; and it was probable that she would simply be held for a ransom. On this supposition, then, I was to act; but I was fully alive to the perils of the enterprise, being wholly unacquainted with the country lying remote from the mines.

Col. E. L. Wylie, who was severely wounded in the attack, advised Blin and myself to go to station K, to secure the services of Hughes, the celebrated scout and explorer, who could show us about the hilly districts in half the time that it would take us to search alone.

We received ample and profuse directions for the route to the station, and were about starting forth when some one put the question abruptly:

"Where is Captain Van Dorn?"

Where? sure enough. No one had seen him since the affray. Was he among the wounded? No; the men who had brought them in had not seen him. Rapid inquiries and unsatisfactory answers followed.

Who was he, anyway? I came bluntly to the point. Nobody knew. He had attached himself to the station a year or more ago, accepting a subaltern's position until, having distinguished himself somewhat, he was promoted.

While our wonderment was at its height, he joined our group. I turned and gave him a rapid survey. A casual observer would have noticed nothing amiss with him, but I could perceive that he was suffering under some fierce excitement. In speaking, I observed that he brought his teeth together between the words, to prevent his hard breathing from being noticed.

"He is in from hard riding," I mentally commented.

I again sought Rowena's parents. Van Dorn was not known to bear toward any of the family ill-feeling. Oh, no; at one time even he had thought to pay his addresses to Rowena.

And was repulsed.

"We could not think of encouraging him, because he was wholly unknown to us."

I thought that I had obtained a clue, but several days of watching amounted to nothing. Van Dorn was regularly at his post, and there was nothing about his manner to continue the suspicion I had formed. So we started off to find Hughes.

I hardly know how Blin and myself happened to name Graeme that morning as we rode over the country; but the name of the dwarf started up a train of ideas that held portinaceously to the brain. He had brought in regular supplies of mutton to our station, giving us to understand that he did nothing in the shepherd line, only bought the meat to sell again. He would have been a spectacle of delight for Darwin—almost providing the "connecting link," as his personal appearance suggested that there was either a great deal of the animal in mankind, or a great deal of mankind in the animal. He might have been safely exhibited outside of the garden of apes, as a species of gorrilla. The unnatural length of the arms, and the curvature of the spine, would have allowed him the position of "all fours" without any apparent inconvenience. The horrible mouth, with the projecting, fang-lined upper jaw; the tangled mop of hair; the small, restless eye, and the indescribable habiliments, made up an image "awfully arrayed."

"I say, Blin, where does Graeme come from?"

"Oh, from the 'bush' somewhere, I suppose; but were his mutton less entable, I should not stretch my faculties into believing him human. But I say, Mic, I don't remember as anything was said about our crossing this track of acacias and evergreens?"

"No; but likely it is only a fringe not deemed worthy of particular mention. But we have been gossipping in a self-confident manner for these three hours, dismounting no less than twice to fumble about after specimens for my cabinet, and—I don't like to think of it."

"Of what?"

"The possibility that in stopping and stopping, we have lost the points of the compass."

"Nonsense!" The idea to me was absurd. "When we have cleared yonder line of trees we shall behold the necessary landmarks."

But we did not so readily get through the wood. In fact, an hour's hard riding gave no signs of an opening; but we still pushed forward, each one refraining from imparting his fears to the other. By and by, however, we looked the truth squarely in the face.

"Mic," says Blin, cheerless enough, "we're entirely off the track. Lost among these infernal ferns and acacias."

Still we rode on, and in two hour's time freed ourselves from the evergreens and found the sun poised in mid-heaven.

"Might as well stop just where we are," suggests Blin, "straightening our ideas while we wait for the sun to slide from its exact central position overhead, and then shape our course by its movement."

The advice was good, and finding a sheltered nook, we picketed our animals, and, opening the jaws of our knapsacks, drew out our provision, and devoured a portion with keen relish.

The flowers were gaily blossomed around us, and blended their perfume with that of the sandal wood; but the beauty of the scene was marred by a realizing sense that we were off the route, and might, at any moment, be surprised by some roving company of bushmen.

Near the middle of the afternoon we mounted and rode forward again, keeping to a southeasterly course, and after a time found ourselves approaching a small track of barren plain similar to those extending more extensively in the interior. Blin was for dashing upon this unprotected stretch without a moment's caution.

"Blin," I remonstrated, "if we are approaching the hilly belt lying about the——— mines, the safest plan is to reconnoitre. The bush there is swarming with outlaws of every shade and color."

We halted, and he cautiously ascended a tall tree near by, from which he rapidly came down. He was remarkable for the strength and range of his vision, and he had more than once been termed "Our field glass."

"I discovered a thin column of smoke hanging over a ravine just across this plateau, and several horses tethered among the gum trees. We can't cross to the hill district by daylight without every risk of discovery."

So we disposed of ourselves amidst the shrubs, and conversed in cautious whispers.

"No knowing," says Blin, directly, "but that yonder is a rendezvous of those fellows who bother the shepherds so and steal their mutton. Were it only a little later I would like to charge upon them, put them to flight and chew their roast myself."

"Were they natives you might serve them for venison instead."

"Bless your soul!" exclaimed Blin, "the natives are more shy, and no epicures; *they* would like their mutton without the bother of cooking. Lucky that we didn't strike upon the open plan as I suggested. Now then we must squat here until dusk, and then steal across and count noses. This comes of running off the track, don't it?"

Just as twilight was falling, Blin suddenly drew up his neck like a crane, and sent those incomparable eyes of his scouting over the sandy barren.

"By Jove!" says he; "by Jove and Jupiter! Here's a discovery. Do you see yonder?"

I looked as he indicated.

"Do you perceive?"

"An emu, probably."

"Faugh! a horseman—Van Dorn, by my soul!"

"Impossible that you could make him out at that distance, and in this light, or darkness, rather."

"Don't I know that spotted mare of his? Are there many men that grow to their beast as soon as they touch it? I'll give you my head for a football if it isn't the doughty captain."

"But how comes he here?"

"One of his leaves of absence."

"Where is he going?"

"Am I his keeper? That is for us, jointly, to ascertain; but when you see a buzzard, remember there is carrion near."

Blin now hauled his head well down among the bushes, and in the few moments that succeeded, the solitary rider had risen distinctly within range of vision. A little later we cautiously advanced out upon the unsheltered stretch of sand. Straight across it we moved, Blin actually revolving in his saddle as his eagle eye swept in every direction to guard against surprise. Neither sight nor sound disturbed us, and we entered the evergreen belt in safety. Here we slipped from our steeds, they being trained to come at our whistle.

"This is odd," whispered Blin, as, after an hour's moving about, we heard nothing of any human being near us. The group of horses which he had seen were gone like spectres. "Perhaps *they were* wild animals," I ventured.

"Oh! yes," he returned, ironically, "wild horses fold a blanket under the saddle, and take to bit and bridle; but its one of two things—either they're stolen off like phantoms to make a raid upon the shepherds, or citizens, else there's a cavern somewhere among these hills, where they're holding a caucus. I am going to rest a bit and smoke my pipe and perhaps get hold of an idea."

We had been lying under that starlighted sky some little time when Blin exclaimed in an excited whisper:

"I get a scent of smoke."

I chuckled.

"Not tobacco smoke, Mic; but that arising from a wood fire. Which ever way is the wind?"

We determined that matter, and started off in that direction, but we had not proceeded twenty yards when Blin exclaimed again, still in a cautious tone:

"I've lost it; lets go back." Once more at the starting point, and our pipes extinguished, we both could smell it plainly. Back and forth, round and about we walked, growing more and more mystified. Now there would be a fresh puff, now a faintor scent; then we would lose it all together. We were completely baffled.

"Now, then," exclaimed Blin, "I'm nonplussed; where does it come from?"

"The bottomless pit, for all that I know," was my curt rejoinder, "Jove!" he aspirates, "Jove and Jupiter! I have it!" and back he goes again to where the scent is freshest, and then with quick, but careful movements, he stretches himself along the side of the hill. I am just wondering if he is camping down for the night, when he makes mute, but frantic gestures in the starlight. I get an inspiration and take my measure along side of his. We have it. The smoke is issuing through fissures of the rocks.

"A cave," says he, "now for the opening: Remember it may be three quarters of a mile from here, and at any moment we may expose ourselves to the range of half a hundred freebooting rifles. Now, I will take the base of these hills on the eastward side, while you take the western base. Discover what you can, and return to the starting point about the time the day star rises."

I found my route steep and rough and dangerous, with loose projections and washed out roots, as a strong stream, at some seasons of the year, poured through this gorge. As cautiously as the nature of the road would allow, I pursued my way, and at last came upon a path winding a little upward. I could not determine whether it had been trodden by man, or beast, but as it was quite free from obstructions, I followed its course. Half way up the face of the hill, I halted before a dark mouth-like opening. Should I venture in? It might be only a cavern of vampyres. Yes, I should make the attempt; but as my head projected in by the sort of stone jamb, I paused, spell-bound by the spectacle before me. An irregular, triangular vaulted room opened before me, lighted up by a dancing, leaping fire, the smoke of which now belled down close to the flinty floor, now rose upward into the fretted roof, in evident determination to find egress somewhere into the outside world. Before this fire, zealously basting a haunch of venison with its own juices that dropped into an iron skillet beneath was a ghoul—an ogre. Only years of habitual self-control prevented a cry from escaping my lips. Evidently by the way the creature pranced about, he anticipated the evening meal with a keen relish. Ever and anon, one of the long, crooked fingers, deluged with drippings from the fat roast, was thrust between the hideous lips with a clinging, resounding smack. A billow of smoke again rolled out, and then lifted itself, and hung in a sort of benedictory canopy above the uncouth creature, and by this time I had recognized Graeme the dwarf; at the same instant, a lance-like blaze sent out a momentary glow until it reached and rested upon the heel of a boot with a rowel attached. Was it only a boot? No! in a moment it was drawn up, showing that a weary, or lazy leg, was attached to it, and the blaze flashing out still brighter gave me the shadowy outline of Van Dorn, evidently complacently awaiting the coming on of the juicy roast.

At this instant my legs were seized from without as if in iron clamps, and I was backed like a plow from the soil. As I have previously stated, habit of self-control restrained noisy ejaculations; but when outside, I glanced over my shoulder and beheld my captor, it certainly was my impression that Apollyon had claimed me. I struggled with the strength of desperation, he held on, and together we crashed upon the ground and commenced a heterogeneous descent into the bed of the canon. Over and over, in a desperate game of fisticuffs, clutching, grappling, bracing, rolling, and when about half way down the hill, we dislodged a boulder that came irresistibly on our course with a presage of doom. At last, bruised, benumbed, and still grapling, we dashed upon the bottom of the ravine, and behind us came the deadly missile. Now, it seemed to catch against some obstruction, but this after a momentary resistance gave way and brought along a perfect landslide.

As we touched the bed of the canon, I found myself uppermost, although, still in the death grip of my captor; but throwing back my head and shoulders after the manner of a crushed worm, I heard the dull thud of the spent projectile, as, at the end of its race, it struck with lessened, but effective force against the head of my foe.

The long spider legs and arms fell apart, and I was free; but so dizzy and faint from the crushing and bruises as to be unable to stand. My presence of mind, however, did not forsake me. My business kept me always provided with iron bracelets, a pair of which I hastened to press upon the wrists of my unconscious, or dead antagonist. Unable just then to walk, I had the curiosity to examine, as well as the starlight would allow, the mute figure before me. He was the dwarf's exaggerated, but otherwise wonderful counterpart—older and magnified—that was all.

I then began to think of Van Dorn. What could I do? First, get back to the meeting place to tell Blin. For a while I had to crawl, then as my bruised limbs became more pliant I got along on my feet; but was obliged to wait full two hours for his return. We then arranged to go back by the mouth of the cave and reconnoitre. If Van Dorn were not already gone, to await his leave-taking, and then to enter the subterraneous chamber, secure Graeme, and make him confess his connection with the doughty captain.

As Blin was climbing the steep path, Van Dorn stood out one moment against the back ground of the sky, and then disappeared over the brow of the hill. Some sight, or sound, had frightened the villain for he vaulted into the saddle and dashed away.

Graeme, doubtless, expecting the return of the other ogre, did not discover us until we had leeched ourselves through the narrow mouth of the cave. To capture him then was easy work. In an inner chamber we found Rowena in a state bordering on distraction. Van Dorn was intending, as soon as prudence would permit, to remove her to some freebooter's fastness, where search would be unavailable. We bore her safely across the country, hiding in the evergreens until another night should afford rapid progress. But when close into the station, Graeme miraculously escaped to the "bush," and so soon as we had persuaded Captain Van Dorn that it was essential for him to have his hands united; and congratulations were over, a squad of soldiery, under Lieutenant Howe, repaired to the locality of the ogre's cave.

The chain of hills presented so little diversity of outline that we could not determine the exact locality of our discovery. Following up the canon, and following down the canon did not aid us. Every vestige of the outlet of the cave was erased; the path that led up to it, and the route of the dislocated boulder, together with the boulder itself, had passed away like a mirage. I had considered the spider-like dwarf killed by the blow from the rocks; were such not the case, I knew that with the free use of his legs, he need not suffer torture until our return, or the more probable reinforcement of his allies. So bewildered was Blin and myself with the total obliteration of every trace of the ogre's cave, that had we not had the commandant's lovely and grateful daughter to reassure us we should have doubted each other's sanity to the day of our death.

IT is with a good book as it is with good company. Introduce a base person among gentlemen, it is all to no purpose, he is not their fellow. Every society protects itself. The company is perfectly safe, and he is not one of them, though his body is in the room.

THE love of popularity seems little else than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a person aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honest, but in their end pernicious and destructive.

RECEIPTS.

HOUSEKEEPERS may be glad to know that a tablespoonful of ammonia in one gallon of warm water will restore the color of carpets.

RUBBING warts, night and morning, with a moistened piece of muriate of ammonia is said to cause their disappearance without pain or scar.

TO TAKE OUT MILDEW.—Rub soft soap on the mildewed part, scrape chalk on it, and lay in the sun. Repeat the application till the stains are removed.

To prevent rusting of tin rub fresh lard over every part of the dish, and then put it in a hot oven and heat it thoroughly. Thus treated any tinware may be used in water constantly and remain bright and free from rust indefinitely.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF.—Into a quart of water put an ounce of flowers of sulphur and shake frequently for several hours; then pour off the clear liquid, and with this saturate the head every morning. In a few weeks every trace of dandruff will disappear and the hair become soft and glossy.

CROUP can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater and shave off, in small particles, about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix with about twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

To prevent chills and fever, avoid exposure to the damp air of the early morning, except when exercising, and then do not remain in the open air to cool off. Avoid great fatigue; sleep eight hours of the twenty-four. Be sure that the water used for drinking and cooking is perfectly pure. Wear flannel underclothing at all seasons. Keep the feet dry and warm.

GALL SOAP.—This soap, excellent for washing silks or ribbons, may be made by heating one pound of cocoanut oil to 60 deg. F. and gradually stirring into it half a pound of caustic soda. To this half a pound of Venice turpentine, previously warmed in another vessel, is added. The kettle is allowed to stand for four hours, subject to a gentle heat, which is afterwards increased until the contents are perfectly clear. One pound of ox-gall, followed by two pounds of Castile soap, is then mixed in, and the whole allowed to cool, when it may be cut into cakes.

WHY should any one buy a soap half rosin or clay, when Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), is for sale? It costs but a trifle more, and will go five times as far. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

GERMANY, with a population of 42,000,000, last year graduated 660 physicians, rejecting 108 applicants. In the same time the United States, with a population of 40,000,000, graduated 3,000 physicians.———Worth, the mandressmaker, drives out every day on the Bois de Boulogne. He wears kid gloves of a peculiar lilac hue, and always takes care to put one foot up on the front seat so as to disclose silk hose of the same delicate shade as his gloves.———The British Arctic expedition will winter at a point only 450 geographical miles from the north pole, and the explorers expect to start upon their important mission in April. All that science and experience can suggest has been done to make this expedition a success.———Cincinnati proposes to utilize its tramps and vagrants during the coming winter, by making them quarry stone under the direction of the workhouse authorities.———Women's rights are recognized in California, where three of the fair sex hold the office of County School Superintendent.———The English Palestine exploring expedition were mobbed and stoned in July at Safed, one of the Jewish "holy cities." Every member of the party, save one, was wounded and laid up.———An International Congress of Freemasons, similar to that just held at Lausanne, Switzerland, is to meet either in Rome or London in the year 1877.———The mammoth hotel to be built at St. Louis by Boston capitalists will be twelve stories, 300 feet square, 170 feet high, and will contain 2,000 rooms, accommodating 3,500 lodgers.———Professor Jenney, of the geological expedition to the Black Hills, lately returned to Cheyenne, after a five months' exploration of the Hills. He reports that gold fields extend forty miles north from Harney's Peak, with a width of twenty miles, which contain metal that will pay from three to five dollars per day to the miner, and that there are bars on a number of streams which will pay better. The professor brings an ounce of coarse gold obtained by two miners after ten hours' labor on Spring creek, which is shown by assay to be worth $10.43 in coin. He says the country will support thousands of people, the valley being well adapted to agriculture and the hills and valleys to stock raising. The rain fall is abundant and the region well timbered.

"Who Will Suffer?"

IT IS NOW 27 YEARS SINCE DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment was put before the public; warranting it to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Old Sores, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest; and it never has failed. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Youthful Beauty.

A clear skin and a bright complexion has a charm for all. How to obtain it and how to keep it is a secret worth knowing, and one long wished for by the fair sex. A delightful toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," will most effectually produce the above result. Warranted to be entirely free from any material detrimental or injurious to health. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 8 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

FROM THE GEM OF THE WEST.

A lady friend, with the finest complexion we ever saw, told us that "after reading the advertisement of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, in our publication a year ago, she purchased it, and now she would not be without it for all the gold in Chicago." She further said that "hundreds of friends had tried to discover what she had used, but she had refused to inform them, as she had prized it as a secret." We have determined to make the matter public. Let our readers try it. Found at DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S, 48 BOND ST., New York, and druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1876
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Nov. 13, 1875.

DRIFTING.

The one half the world which does not know, proverbially at least, how the other half lives, and as certainly does not care, would not be surprised to hear that the other half does not live—in the sense of living in a manly, creditable and philosophic way—but drifts. That is, it does not make an effort towards a defined object—it is content to exist for the day, and quotes with pleasant satisfaction that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It may have tried, in its better moments of ecstatic boyhood, to do something, but, having failed, it falls back upon "fate," and lets that do what it may. It believes that something will "turn up." Sometimes it does, but oftener it does not.

Boys, the most valuable and misused portion of humanity are too often the victims of restless and rudderless impulses. Let any one of us who has reached middle age look back upon his schooldays and recall his schoolfellows, and how many of them can he count who have been of any use to the world? How many are mere wrecks? You may count dozen after dozen who have thrown away their lives, or not achieved even respectability, and have faded when middle-aged into mere nothingness.

When a boy gets out in life, always a difficulty with the parents, whether of the upper, middle, or lower class, there seem to be many chances to one that he will be placed in some uncongenial sphere or occupation. The grief of the young fellow whose father put him as pupil to a celebrated artist, when, as he said with tears, he "wanted to be a butcher," is very real, and is repeated every day. The wonder is, not that boys turn out indifferent workmen under these circumstances, but that they turn out well at all. There is too little trouble taken to find out the impulse of genius or to consult the fitness of the lad; something offers—an advertisement is put in the papers, or an uncle is found who has some influence with somebody else, and the round boy is drifted away into the square hole. The matter is not mended when boys show a general cleverness. They are the most puzzling and deceptive of creatures. They are capable of doing everything, and too often do nothing. To fix them to any one thing is sure, like nailing a weathercock to one quarter, to render them useless. They, too, drift into troublous beings—dabblers at many things, master of none, and at fifty perhaps out of place, and looking for something to turn up, the victims of being too clever by half.

It is hard to say how far parents are to blame for cultivating a boy or a girl in such a way as to produce the many-sided and restless drifter that we speak of. There is, in these overworked days, when men have really no time to look after matters at home, a great want of definite purpose or earnestness. Men are especially to blame in this, that when one advertises for a good mechanic, one hardly finds one applicant who will suit, whilst a single advertisement for a book-keeper or clerk will produce five hundred applicants. Very few of these poor fellows have an idea beyond simple correspondence and casting up figures. They have never been taught any trade—never been properly apprenticed and set forward. Instead of becoming useful and productive members of society, each is a man with a wasted life, and at thirty or thirty-five, when men should be well settled, with children round their knees, does not know where to look for a certainty.

Nor is the mischief done by thus permitting so many to grow up without technical education confined to themselves and families. They have been carefully educated into a love for something "genteel;" they are taught to look down on trade and manufacture, and not to look upon good and honest artisanship as honorable and estimable—and so society suffers. The Germans, who compel every lad, even a princeling, to learn a trade, are wiser than we.

KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time. At home, on the street, in our business, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little round, rather than come against another; to take an ill word or a cross look, rather than resent or return it—these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant smiling sunshine secured even in the humble home, among poor people, as in families in better circumstances. Much that we term the miseries of life would be avoided by adopting this rule of conduct.

It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or his felicity; for smiles and embroidery are occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.

BEFORE THE LEAVES FALL.

I wonder if oak and maple,
Willow and elm and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
Of the day their leaves must fall.
Do they think of the yellow whirlwind
Or of the crimson spray,
That shall be when chill November
Bears all the leaves away?

"If die we must," the leaflets
Seem one by one to say,
"We will wear the color of all the earth,
Until we pass away;
No eyes shall see us falter;
And before we lay it down,
We'll wear, in the sight of the earth,
The year's most kingly crown."

So the trees of the stately forest,
And the trees by the trodden way,
Vow are kindling into glory
This soft autumnal day.
And we who gaze remember
That more than all they lost,
To hearts and trees together,
May come through ripening frost.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

"Will you think of me when I am gone, darling?"

"Yes."

"Wait for me and keep your hand one year, until I have succeeded more in business?"

"Yes."

"Will you answer when I write?"

"Yes."

"Oh, remember, darling, that I love you, and that my life depends on your keeping faith with me; will you remember?"

"Yes."

Just twenty-one minutes after, by my Freidham, she was making these monosyllabic answers to questions similar, propounded by another young man, lingering at Cape May. Evidently she had them by heart, for she had been all summer by the sea, and it is claimed that the salt air improves this sort of conversation.

It is astonishing how little imagination some men can subsist upon who are in love. Some people require a million thumps on the head, before they are put on their guard.

And so, not only at the summer resorts, but here at home, in the autumn, this desperate game thrives on, where love like this, a sentiment with no convictions, with no to-morrow, only a despotism, a constraint that binds with almost inflexible chains one of the parties; a something that he or she remembers a lifetime, through an eternity; an abyss without a bottom, a sea shoreless.

They say, that until after the first glass of wine a man's heart is a shut book. That then the confidingness, the repose, the sad topics in subdued tones, will sink into his soul like a stone through the thin ice in a well. I begin to believe it. Few men but will run headlong into the snare laid by a pretty woman who deftly practices what they aptly call overcomingnesses, such as looking out of the tops of the eyes, placing her wrist full forward on his in the promenade, in a sort of unconscious affectionateness, smilingly showing teeth of white minion beneath an arched pink portico, with a base of dimpled salient chin. The man is at a white heat before he is fairly aware of it. It is a perilous loveliness this; and yet a profanation.

Playing with human affections is a game never engaged in by a man or woman honorably heart-conditioned. Every man has one angelic sight in life, an entangling, attaching face, and if he can carry it before him—own it—he will pass his life looking up to it. There is a wondrous power in resemblance, but if he loses his first heart choice, he will only like the later choice for its resemblance to the first face.

Young women masquerade in love affairs, either for the supposed pleasure they find in it, or from ignorance of their duty or their privilege. The vivacity of youth is such that it often hurries young girls into intimacies, fruitful of only burdens and uncongeniality. Accidental agreement is often taken for real sympathy, and an agreeable interview for an insight into real character. The judgment is at fault, and when it is fully awakened to the deceit, the heart is apt to nourish a suspicious temper, which, when a habit of mind, is one of the most degrading conditions of life.

Four fifths of those who play and trifle with human affections are victims of deceit growing out of these unmeasured intimacies. And a woman nursing a heart-wound is a dangerous social element. The sentimentalism of an oyster saloon and the theatre is pretty evenly balanced.

To most men experience is always new. They never learn from suffering what is taught in song. A while ago, the conversation of the city was largely embroidered with the "Orphans," a play that came back with a piled up Pelion of renown, and the Ossa of long absence on top of it, to start from the summit of fame.

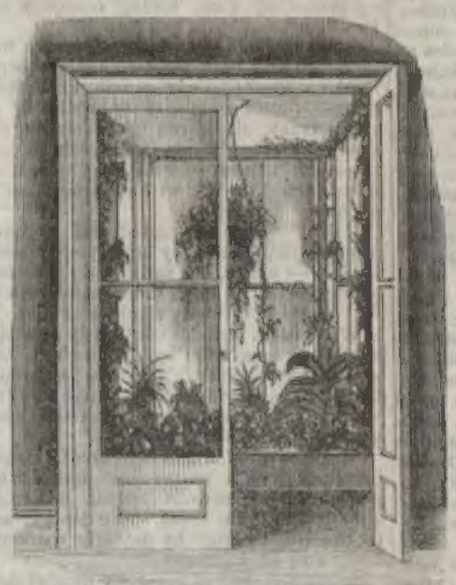
There is scarcely a ray of sunshine in the lives of these "Two Orphans," and it wonderfully affects the lachrymatory nerve, and brings out the sentimental. One may not be able to divest himself of the knowledge that these two ladies who play orphans are not sisters that they know of, that the snow is only bits of paper whitened in the fierce gaslight, that these orphans wear diamonds, and live on chicken, sea bass, tropical green peas, asparagus, and all that sort of thing at the Continental; and yet young men will sit in these theatre boxes, kid gloved and cravated within an inch of their lives, and shed tears over the trying parts, then go out into the street, on their way to an oyster supper, to rudely and unfeelingly push a real orphan girl out of the way, who in tones far more piteous than that of the stage pleads for "Just one penny."

Alas! only the sentimental stimulates them. The practical has no hold on their hearts. They can believe and sympathise with the sentimental of the stage but not the dismal intelligence of practical poverty shrinking in rags within the shadow of the theatre. They sit in the comfortable restaurant, and, over a steaming dish of bivalves, recall scene after scene from the play they have just left, with a genuine orphan flattening her nose against the glass of the outer door, feasting her eyes on the good things within, and catching now-and-then a whiff of the pungent flavor, as it sifts through the keyhole. Sentiment within, the practical without. Separating them, a pane of glass.

Be always frank and true; spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

WINDOW GARDENING.

To make home cheerful during the long winter season, there is nothing that can compare with flowering plants. They are a constant, ever-developing delight. Each day brings new leaves and buds and blossoms, and new forms of loveliness, and we look and wonder and admire. With house plants, as with all other things, success is essential to enjoyment. No one can derive pleasure from a group of stunted, sickly plants; but there are few persons in the world who are not charmed even with a small collection of healthy plants tastefully arranged. There is pleasure, too, in having these plants as much as possible the work of our own skill—grown from seeds or cuttings, or trained by our own hands. We shall endeavor to give a few suggestions that we hope shall be useful, and make the road to success somewhat easy.



BAY WINDOW WITH GLASS SCREEN.

LARGE BAY WINDOW.

Thousands of persons purchase vigorous, beautiful plants from the greenhouses every year, and are pained to see them gradually and surely lose all trace of beauty, and finally droop and die. How can we prevent this? Plants, like ourselves, need air, light, warmth, food and moisture, and must have all these in sufficient quantities, or they will suffer and finally die.

Food.—Where good earth is used for

LIBRARY WINDOW.

potting, plants seldom need any special manure. The best soil for plants is found in old meadows, the corners of fences, &c., where sod has grown a long time. A pile of sod laid up to rot makes excellent potting earth, and if taken from what we call here a chestnut soil, that is, with a good deal of sand, nothing can be better. Many persons think if they can get a little black muck from a swamp they have obtained the perfection of potting soil, while it is the poorest soil that can be procured. About

PARLOR WINDOW.

a tablespoonful of guano in a pail of water makes a good fertilizing material, but must be used cautiously, and is not often needed.

Water.—Keep the earth moderately moist, about as it is observed in the garden in what we call a growing time.

Heat.—Most of our plants are injured by too much heat. For a general collection of house plants, it is not best to allow the thermometer to be above seventy, and if they could be kept in a room where the thermometer would usually not range much above sixty-five it would be the better. In the night time fifty is high enough. Give a little fresh air every fine day, and all the sunlight attainable. An effort should be made to give moisture to the atmosphere, for our own good as well as the health of the plants. This can be done in various ways by evaporating water; but when the plants are in a separate apartment, like a little greenhouse, it can be done more conveniently and effectually, although this separate apartment is only a bay window, with glass doors separating it from the living room, as shown in the engraving. In this water can be used freely, by syringing, &c., and a moist atmosphere preserved. The temperature, with this arrangement, can be kept lower than would be comfortable in the living room, and the plants are saved from dust and many evils which we manage to endure and live, but which generally prove too much for the plants.

Air and Light.—Every one knows that a plant grown in the dark is weak and colorless; and if it has plenty of light and little air, while it will have the natural color, it will be slender and sickly. The gardener, therefore, is careful to give his green-house and hot-beds not only light, but air at every convenient opportunity. In winter, he hails a bright, sunny day with delight. Plants will suffer from a current of cold air just as their owner would, but will be benefitted by an invigorating breath of fresh air. Provide, therefore, for air in some way, especially on pleasant days.

Cleanliness is as necessary to the health of plants as to animals, and it is, therefore, necessary to secure them from dust as much as possible, and also to cleanse the plants frequently by syringing or washing. Even here a little caution is necessary, for while the smooth-leaved plants are benefitted, not only by showering, but even by washing the leaves with a cloth or sponge, the rough-leaved plants, like the Begonia rex, do not like to have the surface of their leaves frequently moistened. It would, therefore, be well to remove such plants before syringing. Take every precaution, however, to prevent the accumulation of dust upon the plants; and above all endeavor to screen them from that terrible infliction, carpet-sweeping. It may be well enough to kill the old people by compelling them to breathe clouds of dust, but send the children into the fresh air to skate, or to snow-ball, and screen the plants, if possible. The essentials of success in plant culture are suitable soil, air, light, moderate and regular heat, a moist atmosphere, regular and moderate watering, and freedom from dust and foul gas.

The plants suitable for winter-flowering in the house are numerous, but none afford so much pleasure, we think, as a good collection of Bulbs, such as Hyacinths, Narcissus, the early Tulips, and other Bulbs which we will not occupy space to mention here. In the garden there are usually a few plants that may be taken up and potted. The Ivy, Madeira Vine and Cobœa scandens are graceful climbers, and will bear almost any amount of bad treatment. Tuberoses that have not bloomed in the garden and are showing flower stems may be taken up and potted, and will flower in early winter. A root of the Dicentra will give satisfaction. The Ten-Weeks Stock is also a fine winter bloomer, and can be treated in the same manner. A pot of Mignonette costs but a few cents, and not many expensive plants will afford as much pleasure. The Sweet Alyssum treated as advised for Mignonette will also please, and nothing will make up better in button-hole bouquets than these sweet little flowers. A few large plants are desirable, and the Calla, Dracena and Begonia are very patient under almost any kind of treatment. We have not, however, space to enlarge on this subject, but will merely say that a few Lilies, like Longiflorum, Auratum and Lancifolium, though not often seen in the house, will afford a pleasant surprise, and flower in the order named.

The accompanying illustrations, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. James Vick, the well-known florist, Rochester, New York, will serve to show our meaning, and will, we trust, be of assistance to any who may be interested in the subject of Window Gardening.

The first engraving shows a small Bay Window, with glass doors, closing it entirely from the dust and heat of the living room, when desirable to do so. The second is a Large Bay Window, which is very elaborate and elegant. The third is a Library Window, and as this library is adjoining a sitting-room, and is only moderately heated, the flowers succeed admirably, and the effect is all that could be desired. The Parlor is chaste and elegant—not crowded—a model of a parlor window.

A Winter Fernery.—Most native ferns enjoy a season of rest during the winter, and are what is termed deciduous. As a rule many of the exotic species are best for house cultivation, especially the genius *Pteris* and some of the little *Adiantums*. They need but little water, an occasional sprinkling over the foliage being sufficient. Air should frequently be given to dry up superfluous moisture. Ferneries do not need the sun; in fact it is positively injurious, as well as any dry heat. We have many little native plants that succeed well with ferns, as for instance the partridge berry, pipsissewa, rattle-snake, plantain, &c., and particularly if a few mossy stones are introduced for them to ramble over and among the interstices.

Fern cases should always be kept closed; they need no ventilation, but they ought always to be kept moist. They seldom need water, but they should not be allowed to get dry. After watering the ferns, the glass should be put on immediately, for they begin to wither directly it is taken off.

THE STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

It is one of the great benefits of the Centennial year that it will stimulate the study of American history, and by refreshing the memory of the patriotic devotion of the fathers and that of their ancestors, will inspire a noble emulation. To most cultivated Americans the history of England has a charm which our own has not. "Why is it?" asked a distinguished judge, "that the story of English politics is so interesting, and that of our own so dull and dry?" There is, in reply, the constant charm of distance to be considered, and the scenery and events which a great literature has illustrated, and the fascination of a long extending multitude of men of genius of our own race devoting their powers to our welfare. England itself is touched with poetic association, while America is as yet, and with great exceptions, bare of that interest. But the more closely our story is studied, the more heroic and satisfactory it will be. We are still too near the early epoch for tradition to resolve itself into legend. We can not have an American cycle. Our Cecrops and Cadmus, and Romulus and Remus are too near the eye. Our antiquity encounters the modern time of England, and our history, therefore, lacks that vague and vast setting of mystery and remoteness which the imagination loves.

Then, colonial annals are always reflective. The last century in this country was not so interesting in its Indian and French wars as in the details of uneventful life, in the routine of towns, and the romance of settlement. The governor was a little shadow of a king, and his council of a parliament. But the moment the great debate of the Revolution begins, the interest in our history is commanding. We had, indeed, and unfortunately, no men so conspicuous for genius as many Englishmen, no oratorical figure, for instance, so superb as Burke, whose single splendor fills his time with light. Patrick Henry and James Otis were electric speakers, who fired an assembly and kindled a people. But they have left nothing which is a part of the treasures of our literature, and over which the poet, the statesman, and the student all hang with delight. Jefferson said of Henry that it was the inspiration of hearing him which was his great gift. He could not remember what he said. Lord Chatham was correct in saying that the Continental Congress was an assembly of sages as illustrious and dignified as any of Greece or Rome. But it was weight of character, purity of purpose, heroism, patriotism, good sense, and intelligence which distinguished them. There was no Pym, no Strafford, no Falkland, no Cromwell.

Yet, when all this is conceded, there remains the fact of the unobserved growth of a nation upon this continent, the development, under most favorable conditions, of many of the most characteristic institutions of the race from which England and her colonies sprung, and the masterly management of one of the greatest international debates in history, conducted by men of the clearest insight and the utmost intrepidity, and of remarkable ability. It is the setting, the scene, which is wanting to the imaginative reader; but it is little more; for our fathers' cause was that of England herself, and their attitude and devotion were the qualities that had made the glory of great epochs in England. It is quite time that there was a more careful study of American history in schools and colleges, and the Centennial year will quicken an interest in it which is sure to be repaid.—*Harper's Magazine.*

LIVING GLACIERS OF CALIFORNIA.

The Sierra Nevada of California may be regarded as one grand wrinkled sheet of glacial records. For the scriptures of the ancient glaciers cover every rock, mountain, and valley of the range, and are in many places so well preserved, and are written in so plain a hand, they have long been recognized even by those who were not seeking for them, while the small living glaciers, lying hidden away among the dark recesses of the loftiest and most inaccessible summits, remain almost wholly unknown.

Looking from the summit of Mount Diablo across the Joaquin Valley, after the atmosphere has been washed with winter rains, the Sierra is beheld stretching along the plain in simple grandeur, like some immense wall, two and a half miles high, and covered almost as bright as a rainbow, in four horizontal bands—the lowest rose purple, the next higher dark purple, the next blue, and the topmost pearly white—all beautifully interblended, and varying in tone with the time of day and the advance of the seasons.

The rose-purple band, rising out of the yellow plain, is the foot-hill region, sparsely planted with oak and pine, the color in great measure depending upon argillaceous soils exposed in extensive openings among the trees; the dark purple is the region of the yellow and sugar pines; the blue is the cool middle region of the silver-firs; and the pearly band of summits is the Sierra Alps, composed of a vast wilderness of peaks, variously grouped, and segregated by stupendous canons and swept with torrents and avalanches. Here are the homes of all the glaciers left alive in the Sierra Nevada. During the last five years no less than sixty-five have been discovered in that portion of the range embraced between latitudes 36° 30′ and 39°. They occur scattered throughout this vast region singly or in small groups, on the north sides of the loftiest peaks, sheltered beneath broad, frosty shadows. Over two-thirds of the entire number are contained between latitudes 37° and 38°, and from the highest fountains of the San Joaquin, Tuolumne, and Owens rivers.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Education.—The stiving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive. There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist. The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.

The Hon. Wm. F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," has written a new and powerful story, the opening chapters of which appears in the Saturday Evening Post of this week. The Post is the oldest, as well as one of the best, family newspapers in the country. Now is a good time to commence taking it.—*Havre Republican, Havre de Grace, Md.*

PERSONALITIES.

Don Carlos is in a bad way.

Gassaway is the name of a California poet.

Victor Hugo is a good painter in water color.

Brignoli will be with us at the Centennial.

The Marquis of Bute is going into the wiremaking business.

Swinburne is writing a Greek tragedy. It begins: "Och! Molly McGlore."

Dr. Bull Run Russell is private secretary to the Prince of Wales during the Indian tour.

The Duke of Portland is one of the wealthiest of living peers; his daily income is estimated at $5,000.

Charles Warren Stoddard is expected to interview the Egyptian Sphynx while in the land of the Pharoahs.

Mrs. Grant's receptions at the White House will not begin till about Christmas time, when she will be assisted by Mrs. Fred Grant.

The death is announced in Edinburgh, Scotland, of Emily Saunders, Lady Don, widow of the eccentric baronet and comedian, Sir William Don.

A Boston actress is told by the *Advertiser* that among the rudiments which she has yet to learn is the fact that her nose is too pretty to be talked through.

Dr. Jonathan Bosh, of Allisonville, Indiana, is under arrest for trifling with the affections of Miss Lemon. We hope this will provoke no bad puns.

Ernest Longfellow, a son of the poet, is about to publish a volume of etchings of remarkable American scenes, to which his father will contribute descriptive verses.

The Crown Princess of Germany commands as colonel a regiment of Hussars, and during recent manœuvres before the Emperor she appeared mounted at the head of her cavaliers.

Josie Mansfield, when last heard from, was in Trouville, France, changing her dress five times every twenty-four hours, dining in her rooms *a la carte* and eating broiled chicken every day.

Mlle. Alda de Blanc, of Paris, 13 years of age, is announced to deliver a lecture in Baltimore on "Nothing New Under the Sun;" but a 13 year old girl mounting the lecture platform is something novel.

Robert Fleury, the French artist, now in his eightieth year, is painting a work for the Philadelphia Exposition, illustrating the visit of Benjamin Franklin at the French Court in the last days of his life.

Garibaldi has recently received three medals from the Roman Syndic, one of gold, one of silver, and one of bronze. The gold medal, decreed by the municipality, has on one side of it a portrait of Garibaldi, and on the other a view of the capitol.

Professor J. C. Watson, chief astronomer of the American transit of Venus party which was located at Peking, has returned to his post as Director of the Observatory at the University of Michigan after an absence of fifteen months, during which time he has made a complete circuit of the world.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

Straitsville, Ohio, proposes exhibiting a single block of coal weighing two tons.

Ohio proposes sending a youth of 116 summers, among other contributions, to our Centennial.

The Turners of this country are going to erect a magnificent gymnasium on the Centennial grounds.

Besides the arts of modern Egypt, many relics, illustrating her ancient history, will be brought over.

The largest mounted gun in the country, a twenty-inch piece from Fort Hamilton, is to have a place in the army section.

Italy will appoint a committee of Italians resident in America to act at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. The Pope will send two Mosaics, representing a Madonna by Raphael, and St. Agnes by Gentile.

It is proposed by the boot and shoe trade to erect near Machinery Hall a building 160 by 200 feet, to cost about $30,000, in which to represent the whole processes of the leather and the boot and shoe business, with all the wonderful machinery now in use.

A mammoth panorama of the siege of Paris, fifty feet wide and three hundred and fifty long, has just been completed in Paris for exhibition at Philadelphia. The most skillful artists in France have been for many months past engaged upon the work.

Centennial Roast Beef.—A mammoth steer, owned by George Miller, a farmer on Lost river, near Klamath lake, Oregon, will be sent to the Centennial. It stands nineteen hands high, or six feet four inches, measuring twenty feet from tip to tip, and weighs 5,000 pounds.

Oestergreu, a celebrated Swedish carver, is preparing a chess-board for the Centennial, the pieces of which are symbolical of the struggle between Ultramontanism and the spirit of the age in Germany. On one side will be the Emperor William and the Empress Augusta as king and queen, Prince Bismarck and Minister Falk as bishops, the knights being Prussian Uhlans, and the pawns soldiers and recruits. On the other side is Pius IX as king, his queen being an abbess holding a wax taper nearly burned out. The bishops are cardinals, the knights monks on asses, and the pawns monks on foot.

A pedestrian tour through the grounds and buildings of the Centennial Exhibition is a formidable undertaking even at this early period when no goods have as yet been placed in position. What it will be next year, when articles of every description from a match-stick to a steam-pump will attract the attention of visitors, is a question not easy to solve. The adventurous pedestrian, however, will be amply repaid by viewing not only the natural beauties of the magnificent plateau on which the buildings are erected, but also the wonderful results of man's handiwork and skill springing up on every hand. No one can possibly form any conception of the vast number of men daily employed, or the enormous amount of materials used in the construction of the buildings. Huge piles of bricks vanish mysteriously, immense car-loads of lumber melt away like icicles in the rays of the sun, but still the busy throng of laborers demand more.

THE LITTLE WOOD CUTTER.

BY F. S. MILLS.

The pretty little shepherdesses smiled upon Hans as sweetly as ever, as he met them on their way to the hills, guiding their snowy flocks, and it was as bonny a morning as ever dawned upon the earth.

But nothing seemed bright or merry to poor Hans, the little wood-cutter.

Two years ago there had not been a blither lad in the whole village, and so bonny and well clad! The village maidens were proud to dance with him at the May-day fair, the village matrons flattered and caressed him, and he wore as gay a holiday suit as the gayest of them all. But now all had changed. Hans was pale and haggard; his clothes were little better than a heap of rags. He was seen no more at the merry May fairs, nor at any of the village festivals. The cottage where he had lived so happily with his parents was tenanted by strangers now, and father and mother were both asleep in the village churchyard. Hans wished that he were sleeping there, too, for he was subjected to the most cruel treatment, having been left to the mercy of a wicked, miserly old uncle, who forced him to work like a slave, giving him almost impossible tasks to perform, scarcely food enough to keep him alive, and only a straw pallet to sleep on at night.

Hans was a willing and industrious lad, and as brave a one, too, as one might find in a day's journey. He had endured much, and hoped for brighter things; but now he felt completely crushed. His strength failed with his spirits; and, sick of heart and body, he dragged his limbs wearily over the pleasant green path to the woods. He knew that he must fail to perform his task to-day, for, yesterday, though he had no larger pile of wood to cut, and was stronger then than to-day, in spite of all his weary efforts two great logs remained uncut at night, and he was deprived of his usual scanty supper, and was forced to lie upon the hard floor, without pillow or coverlid, on that account, and if he failed to-day, his uncle had threatened him with a more severe punishment still.

Well, he would do all he could; but his arms were small, and the axe was heavy, and the wood so hard. He wished that he were a shepherd lad, with nothing to do all day but watch his flocks on the breezy hills, or one of the farmer lads who were reaping golden barley in a field close by. And, oh! if he had only a pleasant home to go to when the day was over, and kindly voices to greet him, he thought he could bear any toil!

It was a pretty spot where Hans worked—an opening at the dusky heart of an old forest. The sunlight came in like some good angel where the trees had been felled, and ran down the shady ways, and touched the dimpled brooks.

The day wore on, and noon came, hot and sultry; but Hans could not stop to rest. He heard the great farm bells in the distance ringing for dinner, and the farmers dropped their scythes, and wiped their brows, and wended their way homeward. Even the birds rested awhile in the cool leaves; but the ring of Hans' axe never ceased a moment until the afternoon was well spent. Then his strength failed entirely, and but little more than half of the great pile was cut. He sat down on a mossy log, and covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly. Who in the whole world, he thought, was as wretched as he?

It was very still in the woods; there was not wind enough to stir a leaf. The birds were saying good night to each other very softly down in the dim aisles. It was growing towards evening, but it was June weather, when the sunbeams linger very long at the evening's gate, and where Hans sat in the opening it was still the fullest daylight.

Hans was suddenly aroused by a silky rustle in the brake, like hurried footfalls over the leaves, and lifting his head and looking this way and that, he espied in a moment, emerging from the shadow, a queer little being, riding a tiny white palfrey. He was dressed like a huntsman, in a green jacket, and a cap with a white owl's feather. His saddle and bridle were glittering with gems almost bright enough to put one's eyes out, and the tiny whip he carried in his hand had a jeweled handle.

Hans thought that the hoofs of the little white palfrey must be scented, for wherever they stepped, a subtle, sleepy fragrance arose, and, what was more wonderful, the flowers crushed by them arose fairer and more perfect again, as if by magic.

Up rode the tiny huntsman, and Hans doffed his cap politely but scarcely daring to breathe for fear, for he knew that he must be one of the fairy race, and, though he knew them to be good little people, he felt a strange awe of them.

"Why do you not finish your work, Hans?" asked he, in a tone both quick and sharp, but clear as a mountain echo.

"Alas!" answered Hans, tremblingly; "I am so weary that my arms will not wield the axe any longer!"

"And why did you toil until you were so weary?" questioned he again.

And Hans's tears began to flow afresh, as he told the story; and the little huntsman flourished his whip furiously all the while, as if he were threatening some imaginary enemy, and looking at Hans out of his keen little eyes—whether pleasantly or fiercely, he was at a loss to know, they had such a strange expression.

"Well," said he, after Hans had finished, "cut one more tree—that old gnarled one at your left, with the silvery bark—and if it doesn't scatter golden chips, I am mistaken: Gather them all up carefully, and sleep in the woods to-night; and, to-morrow morning, steal away early and go to the city, and your fortune is made."

Hans thanked him as well as he know how, though he waited to hear not a word, but galloped away into the thick woods again, the white feather tossing in his cap like a bird flying through the shadows.

Hans felt as if he had been asleep and dreaming; but as soon as he recovered himself sufficiently, he lifted his axe, and proceeded to fell the old gnarled tree at his left, as the little huntsman had directed. Something that he breathed in the air revived him wonderfully. His arm was strong, and his axe was sharp. But though the tree was so large, as he cut away, he found that it was hollow in the inside, and when it came down, something fell out of the hollow close at its roots, and scattered over the ground—something that jingled like coin!

Hans gave one shrill scream of joy. The old tree did indeed scatter golden chips, for the green moss was as thickly dotted with golden coins as with yellow stars in May! Great, shining things, that glittered and flashed in the starlight. He proceeded to gather them up, with his eager, trembling fingers: but it was no small task, for one rolled under a fallen leaf, and another under a clump of flowers, and others down into the ferny hollow; but at last he had found them all, and, tying them up in his handkerchief, he laid down on the soft moss, and tried to sleep. But sleep would not come to him, his heart was so full of joy, and his head of bright plans for the future; and, as soon as the first glimmering of dawn looked into the wood, he was up and away, and, in a few days, found himself in the great city, of which he had dreamt so much. Here he found friends; and, as the little huntsman assured him, his fortune was made. He grew up to be not only a rich man, but a good man, kindly, charitable, just.

To-day he takes his children upon his knee, and tells them the story of the little huntsman—a story which he would count a dream, if pieces of the solid golden coin did not prove it a reality.

I believe that it was in this way. Some good angel, touched by the distress of the poor little boy, and, knowing of this golden treasure in the hollow tree, hidden there years and years ago, by a band of robbers who prowled about the woods, came in a dream in the guise of a fairy, and told him where to find it.

THE CAT AND THE FOX.

One day a fox met a cat in the midst of a wood. "Ah! how do you do, puss?" said the fox. "I am glad to see you. I hope you are well."

"You are kind, sir," said the cat. "I am quite well, and hope you are the same."

"Yes, puss, I am in good health, but I own that I feel ill at ease. I feel that you, my friend, will not long be free from harm. I wish that I could see my way clear to help you. But in these times—"

"Sir, what do you mean?" said the poor cat in great fright. "What great harm to me do you dread?"

"Well, as to that," said the fox, "it might be harm to me too. The plain truth is, there is a pack of hounds not far from this wood. Now I have ten or twelve tricks—nay, I may count on at least a score of tricks—by which I can get out of reach of the hounds, whilst you, poor puss—oh! what can you do that you may be out of their way? What tricks do you know?"

"I know no tricks at all," said the cat; "I have but one plan, and if that fails me I shall be lost."

"Poor puss! poor puss!" said the fox. "One does not like to see a friend in such a strait. I might teach you a few of my tricks, but these are hard times, and one must not trust too much. It is but right to think of self—hark! The hounds in full cry! You are a lost cat! I have no time to spare to tell you what to do—I must be off at once."

These words were scarce out of his mouth when he and the cat saw the hounds.

The cat at once ran up a tree—that was her one plan.

The fox could not climb a tree, and he could not get out of sight. The cat saw the hounds kill him.

"Ah!" said the puss, "I find that one good plan is of more use than a score of sharp tricks."

"I WANT IT."

"I want it."

"You shan't have it."

"I want it, and I will have it."

"I want it myself, and I'm going to keep it."

That's the way the trouble generally begins. It is in a mild way at first, and even tolerably pleasant; not scratching nor biting, nor pounding nor tearing, nor saying very ugly words, nor doubling up of little fists.

"I want it" has caused more quarrels than almost anything else in the world. Often a quarrel has begun with a very little want, almost as small as a child's doll. One side wanted it as much as the other side did. The question got to be which was the strongest? It generally turned out that the strongest wanted it the most, and got it if it was worth having. If what was wanted turned out not to be worth having, the strong one would generally let the little one have it.

To fight for a holy principle is noble. To quarrel and snatch, and try to get every good thing we see that belongs to other is not lovely. If you want people to love you and treat you kindly, begin early to treat everybody else kindly.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

"Anything is better than this!" exclaimed a Thrush, after having vainly battered about a frozen snail, which she at last gave up in despair.

"Anything is better than *this!*" chirped a Robin in a melancholy tone, as he saw the last crumb picked up by a sparrow before he could hop to it, and knew his breakfast was gone.

"*Anything* is better than this," murmured a Blackbird, perched on a leafless branch, with his feathers puffed out to twice their usual size. "Why doesn't Master John come and shoot us with his gun? That sharp, short death would be easy compared with this lingering misery;"

"Poor, dear creatures!" cried the black Cat, who had been watching them and listening behind a snow-drift, "You are all quite right. Take my advice and bear it no longer; and, as Master John doesn't seem to be coming, let me, in a friendly way, put you out of your troubles!"

Away they all flew, at the very sight of her ears above the drift, without waiting to hear her offer.

"I knew how it would be!" she cried, more provoked than surprised. "Though they are silly enough to talk nonsense, they are wise enough to know better than abide by their words."

Some persons are capable of making great sacrifices, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them, and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

OCTOBER.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Not the light of the long blue summer,
Nor the flowery huntress, Spring,
Nor the chilly and moaning Winter,
Doth peace to my bosom bring,

Like the hazy and red October,
When the woods stand bare and brown,
And into the lap of the south land,
The flowers are blowing down:

When all night long, in the moonlight,
The boughs of the roof tree chafe,
And the wind, like a wandering poet,
Is singing a mournful waif:

And all day through the cloud-armies,
The sunbeams coquettishly rove—
For then in my path first unfolded
The sweet passion-flower of love.

With bosom as pale as the sea-shell,
And soft as the flax unspun,
And locks like the nut-brown shadows
In the light of the sunken sun,

Came the maiden whose wonderful beauty
Enchanted my soul from pain.
And gladdened my heart, that can never,
No, never be happy again.

Far away from life's pain and passion,
And our Eden of love, she went.
Like a pale star fading softly
From the morning's golden tent.

But oft, when the bosom of Autumn
Is warm with the summer beams,
We meet in the pallid shadows
That border the land of dreams.

For seeing my woe through the splendor
That hovers about her above,
She puts from her forehead the glory,
And listens again to my love.

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HOUSE ON ELM STREET.

Maud Graff missed her friend Norah from the music lesson, and anxious and disappointed about not seeing her, had ventured to call at Courtland Terrace to make inquiry on the subject.

All the servants knew was that the young lady had left suddenly, and that her name must never be mentioned to Miss Evelyn St. Croix again.

This was told her to her astonishment and alarm, and the tender-hearted Maud could scarcely wait till her lover came in the evening of the day she had gained her inexplicable information, she was so eager to ask his advice and help in her quandary.

"Just to think, George," she concluded, after narrating the circumstances of her visit and her strange reception to her lover, "such a sweet, noble, dignified girl as Norah Eldrige to be spoken of in such a way by a servant! The man actually hinted that she had left the house in disgrace, and that her name was forbidden to be spoken in consequence."

"It is not true," said Mr. Bland, impulsively; "that is, I do not think it possible."

"I am so glad to hear you say so," cried Maud, who regarded her lover as an oracle. "I learned to love the dear girl so much that it has made my heart ache to think of there being a shadow on her name."

Mr. Bland sighed deeply.

"Could you not trust those you loved, even though appearances were against them, Maud?" he asked, and from the very grave tone of his voice, and the sadly serious look of his dark eyes, the gentle girl felt there was much implied in the question.

"Nothing can come between me and my own heart, if you mean that, George," she replied, while her eyes filled with tears, whose source she could not explain. "I should be a fickle creature if I allowed a light matter to part me from the dream and hope of my life."

"I did not say a light matter, love," he said softly, as his arm stole round her waist. "I meant could you be true to—to—me, Maud, in case you were told, yes, and proofs brought to convince you, that I was unworthy your affections?"

"That could never be, do not talk of it," she said, with a shudder; "but let us speak of poor, dear Norah, and the mysterious cloud that has fallen upon her. Will you not, for my sake, dear George, endeavor to find her, wherever she may be, and let us help her if we can?"

Mr. Bland hesitated, with a painfully confused countenance. Maud looked at him wonderingly.

"You said you did not think she could be guilty of any wrong," she faltered. "Why do you look so strangely now?"

"Did I look strangely, darling?" he spoke with an attempt at gayety, and tried to smile, but he was naturally too free from deceit to play a part well, and in his own mind he chafed at the necessity for concealing the truth.

"If I tell her that I rescued Norah from old Sally Webb, I will betray my knowledge of the wretch and her associates," he thought. "If I tell her all I may lose her forever, and I am too weak, to cowardly, to risk the heaven of her innocent love. Life without it would be the blackness of despair to me!"

Unconsciously at this point he pressed her more closely to his breast, with an almost agonized tenderness.

"You are not happy, George," and Maud's gentle eyes rested on his in anxious fondness; "there is something on your mind that you do not tell me. Is it about money, dear George? I have often almost wished that you were poor instead of being so rich and prosperous, there is no merit in loving any one who gives you all and demands nothing in return."

"I demand more than all, Maud," said her lover solemnly, "and I trust in heaven I may never live to find it lacking. I demand your implicit, unswerving faith, and without it I am lost indeed."

He looked so grave, so imploring, that she longed to question him further, to elicit if possible the meaning that seemed hidden beneath his words, but before she could do so he changed his mood, and talked hopefully of her mother's health—Mrs. Graff had of late been quite an invalid, and Maud's marriage had been deferred for some months on that account.

She was still very weak and greatly changed in temper and manner, being gentle and mild as she had never been before; but Maud was persuaded she was getting better now, and George comforted her by saying so too.

It was late when he left that evening. She went with him to the hall-door, and whispered as his arm was round her in their farewell embrace:

"Don't forget poor Norah; find her, if you can, for my sake!"

"I'll not forget her, she is constantly in my mind," he answered, and received the sweet girl's thanks in a fond though timid kiss.

There was a faint soft starlight above, but the street was quiet and deserted, and the beams from the corner lamp did not illumine the broad marble steps of Mr. Graff's mansion.

It was this fact that emboldened the lovers to make their adieux there, and George was descending as the door closed, with the tender influence of that last pure caress upon him, when he was rudely roused to the unpleasant consciousness of a witness to the scene, by having his sleeve pulled sharply, and a voice saying in his ear:

"Look here, mister!"

He turned about not very amiably, and beheld a girl, ragged and rough-headed, with a neglected, weather-marked face, in which shone two bright, cunning-looking eyes that now stared directly into his.

"I say, mister, don't you know me?" was her question, as she saw his impatience at the interruption to his pleasant thoughts change to astonishment.

"Know you?" and Mr. Bland smiled at the inquiry. "Why how should I know you in particular, when I see scores like you round the foundry daily. Stay though, I do recall your face now; you are the girl that called to me to run down to the old slaughter-house wall and save a young stranger from insult and aggression."

"I told you to haul that pretty gal out of old Mother Webb's clutches, and you did it, too, like a good 'un. I'm after you to-night on the same game. She's catched again."

"Who is caught again, what do you mean?" asked Bland, quickly, and in a tone of deep interest.

"Her. What's-a-name, the one you rescued."

"Norah Eldrige?"

Moll Patchell, for it was she, nodded energetically by way of answer.

"Norah again in the clutches of those villains! What can it mean? What power have they over her, and why do they so steadily and relentlessly pursue her?"

To these questions, which were addressed to his own mind rather than her, Molly replied by a prolonged shaking of her head, and, pursing up her lips, remarked:

"'Taint for me to give explanations, and if you ain't willing to help her until you find out all about her, I guess there ain't no use in my coming to you."

"Speak, my good girl; tell me what I can do," cried Bland, throwing off his perplexed and thoughtful air, and rousing himself to action. "I have more than one reason for desiring to serve this poor young lady, and I feel sure that you also are her friend, for it was to your energy I owed my first opportunity of being of use to her."

Molly nodded again.

"You were quick and spunky," she said, approvingly, "and you set old Mother Webb madder than blazes. I am afraid she's made Norah pay up for it, though."

"When did they get hold of her again?"

"I don't know; they've been awful sly about it," replied Molly, sinking her voice to a whisper, and looking all around to see that they were alone in the street. "I only found it out day before yesterday. They have her in a room they call the Cave, and I saw Mother Webb carry something in there, which made me suspicious, so I listened, and heard Norah's voice."

"What can be the motive for such a deed!" exclaimed Bland. Then, turning to Molly, he asked, "Do they ill-treat the poor girl?"

"I don't know; she's sick, and won't eat anything; her voice is weak, and she cries and begs pitifully to be set free. That's what I came to you about. You have got to do it."

"Most willingly, if I can," cried George Bland, stifling the selfish dread of further provoking the malicious enemy who had already threatened him. "How can she be reached, and where can I see her?"

"That's what I'm a-going to tell you, if you give me a chance," said Molly; and, after looking round her again, she drew nearer to Mr. Bland, and in a very low voice proceeded as follows: "Once, when Matt Brice and Mother Webb were talking together secretly, I heard 'em say something about me that made me feel queer, and ever since then I've been listening and watching to hear more, though I never got a word, 'cept them first ones, which were these: 'Wouldn't he swear, if he knew that beggar Moll was his own brat.' That was all, and I ain't never found out who *he* is, though I'd give anything if I could, for you see I'm a sort of desolate imp that nobody owns or cares for. This Norah was the first soul that was ever good or kind to me, and that's why I'd risk my neck to help her."

"Poor Molly! you have a grateful heart, and shall not be friendless any more."

"Thank you, sir; you've a good one, too. I know you are kind and true, or I never could have had the spunk to come to you. Well, I was listening round as usual, as I was telling you, and seeing old Mother Webb slip slyly into the Cave with a bowl of tea, I crept into a hole in the wall in the back shed that you can peep through into the fireplace in the Cave. There's a brick out, though they can't see it from the room, and by getting close to that, you can hear all that goes on inside.

"I slipt in there, and heard Norah crying and praying as if her heart was breaking. It made me feel awful, and I was just going to whisper to her that a friend was near her, when I heard Mother Webb open the door. Then Norah changed her tone, and demanded to know why she had been brought there, at which the old wretch only laughed and jeered at her in the cruelest way—though, poor dear, it was enough to break anyone's heart to hear her beg and implore the old cat to only set her free and she'd promise never to do anything that would get any of them into trouble, or make the least complaint about the way they had carried her off."

"And does the poor girl lie there, hopeless and friendless, yet?"

"No, good gentleman, she ain't hopeless," replied Molly, with a chuckle, "'cause I held on till the old cat left, and then I hollered sort of softly through the hole, 'Don't be afraid; you've got a friend in Molly, and she's bound to help you out of this trap, if she lives long enough to scrape away the bricks and mortar here.' She heard me, and commenced to cry and laugh for joy, and, not to lose time, I begun digging at once."

"Digging where?"

"Why in the side of the chimbly, to be sure; where else would I dig! Do you suppose our folks is soft enough to let any crack stand open for the escape of the girl they've risked so much to catch! No, sir; they've barred her in tighter than the door of the stone jug, and its only because I discovered this chimbly hole that I have any show of getting her out. I worked at it all day yesterday and to-day, and have been knocked down twice for coming home with my basket half empty, 'cause I hid in there most of the time, instead of going a-begging, and dug and dug, while Norah watched and listened to keep any one from discovering me at work."

"Good girl!" cried the gentleman, warmly. "And are you sure you are not suspected?"

"Nobody could see any difference in the wall if they looked, for I put the bricks back as I loosen 'em, and Norah keeps smearing them over with soot to hide the fresh mortar from showing. The place will be wide enough to-night for her to get through, but I'm locked in every night, and can't help her to get away, beside they'd kill me if I did, and I don't want to die till I know who the *he* is who would be surprised if he knew I was 'his brat.'"

The poor girl laughed as she said this, but there was a sad echo in the sound that grated painfully on Bland's ear. Rough, unkempt, and coarse grained as the poor creature was, it was plain that she longed for human love, and the consciousness of belonging to some one, instead of being the unclaimed waif she was.

"Tell me where the shed is, how I am to enter it, and how to displace the bricks. Is Norah prepared for my coming, and what time is best to go?"

Mr. Bland poured out these questions with an eager volubility that proved his ardor sufficiently to Molly's satisfaction.

"You're the right sort," she said, with sententious approval; and immediately gave him the fullest directions for his proceedings.

"And now I am off," she cried. "I worked so late that I had barely time to go to three back gates, and my basket ain't half full. I'll get a few thumps from the old 'un's fist, but I won't mind that, 'cause I'll know Norah's all right."

"Take this and buy some food to save your poor shoulders," exclaimed Bland, compassionately, and forcing some money on her acceptance, which she received with a subdued whoop of pleasure.

"Oh, golly, you're a nice gent!" she cried, laughing exultingly. "I'll fill up on loaves and sausages now, and escape being cracked over the head. I'm glad of it, for I'm awful tired, punching that hard old wall and scraping the mortar to keep it from falling. Good-bye, and tell Norah I'm glad of her luck."

"Which she owes to you, Molly," said Mr. Bland, "and I am sure she will not forget it, neither shall I."

"Don't spoil the job," cried Molly, catching up her basket which she had hidden under a flight of steps near by, "be in time, and look sharp that no one sees you."

She was off, her tattered garments flying in the wind as she hurried along, bearing her huge basket on her hip, and bending sideways from custom under its weight.

"Where now?" thought George standing irresolute and thoughtful. "I must have some place to take her in the dead hour of the night, and her own home is the proper one."

He turned and directed his steps thither, with the intention of seeing some of her family and preparing them for her arrival. He had gone by the house many times since their encounter with Mother Webb near the Slums, and wondered much that he could not see Norah's face at any of the windows. Instead, he had often seen Rhoda's, and marked a troubled expression worn by it, and an air of anxiety pervading her movement.

"The poor thing must be ill of her fright," he concluded, "and her gay sister seems sobered by having to take care of her."

He would have enquired, had not an indefinable fear of compromising Norah by making an explanation of the circumstances of their acquaintance restrained him.

As the days wore on he began to fear that he was mistaken, and that she was not there, so Maud's tidings of her disappearance pained without surprising him very much.

"How should he address her family on the subject," he turned this over in his mind as he went along towards Elm street, and wandered what sort of person he should find her mother, and whether that dark handsome girl who he had seen flaunting by, much overdressed for a milliner's apprentice, and of whom Maud had spoken guardedly, and without any of the loving warmth and admiration she bestowed on Norah, would be a good one to confide in about the strange and inexplicable position of her sister.

Without reaching any conclusion in his mind, he soon found himself at the door where he had left Norah six days before, and seeing the windows all closed and no sign of life about the house, he paused an instant to reconnoitre before knocking for admittance.

In that moment's pause the door opened, a quiet looking middle aged woman whose face wore a look of perplexity and distress came out extinguishing the entry as she closed the door behind her, and almost ran over him on the steps.

"I beg your pardon," said she hastily, "but if you were coming to this house, perhaps you can tell me where the occupants have gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Mr. Bland. "Have they gone?"

"Yes," returned the woman after looking at him steadily for a few seconds, "but I see that you know no more about it than I do myself, and I have no time to lose."

With that and a short nod by way of leave taking, Barbara—for it was she—stepped down into the street and hurried away.

She had turned the corner into West street before George Bland recovered from the surprise and perturbation into which her announcement had thrown him.

Norah's family gone so suddenly and mysteriously, what could it mean? He had glanced behind her as the woman issued from the house, and seen that nothing in its hall furniture had been changed or disarranged since he had seen Norah enter. Their flight must have been recent, there was no dust on the steps or window blinds, everything was orderly as if they were still there.

"What shall I do? Where shall I take poor Norah?" thought the perplexed gentleman. "Maud would gladly receive her, but her mother," he shrugged his shoulders as he thought of purse-proud, imperative Mrs. Graff. "She is so ill now that she may have become milder and more tender hearted—dear Maud hopes so at least, but dare I presume so far on hope! That woman must have been a friend!" This thought came to him just as he saw Barbara's skirts vanishing round into West street, and with it sprang a strong impulse to follow and confide in her.

He started in swift pursuit, but alas! his wisdom was too late, she had disappeared from view, and tho' he walked about for nearly an hour hoping she might return, or that some one interested in the absent Eldriges might appear, Elm street remained quiet, and gave him no clue to the double mystery of the missing family.

"Where shall I take Norah?" he kept repeating as he started down in the direction of the Slums, it being now near the time agreed upon by Molly and himself, as the best hour to attempt the poor prisoner's rescue.

At that same moment, Barbara was telling Dr. Falconer of the family's disappearance from their dwelling.

She had been there in the afternoon, and finding the house closed, had supposed the mother and daughter to be absent for a time. Going back that evening she had been met on the door step with the grocer's boy who handed her the key saying, that Mrs. Eldrige received a letter from a friend that made a journey necessary, and so she sent the key with her grateful thanks to Miss St. Croix.

On examination everything in the house was found to be in scrupulously good order, but no explanation of their sudden plight could be seen, not a scrap of writing, no haste, no confusion; all they knew was that they had gone.

"And, Norah!" groaned Falconer, "this separates me still more painfully from her. Where shall I turn, where begin my search!"

If he could only have pierced night and distance with those fine eyes of his, for the moment clouded by disappointment and uncertainty, he would have seen George Bland hastening past the deserted old slaughter house wall, where years before Mrs. Eldrige had taken refuge from approaching footsteps with her pretty foster child in her arms.

CHAPTER XXV.

EMPTY CAGE.

There was a light in Mother Webb's shop, though the shutters were up, and business hours, if the old woman ever attended to any decent or legitimate business, were long since passed.

Matt Brice and she sat talking together, and it was plain from the appearance of the former that he was dressed with more than ordinary care, and for the purpose of sustaining a character of a higher grade than usual.

His clothes were good, and he wore a heavy gold chain ostentatiously across his silk vest, and a fine black hat in which was a large white linen handkerchief stood on the chair by his side.

"You look quite the gent, Matt," said the woman approvingly; "you're a

little rough in the grain and groggy to be sure, but your dodge of being a retired sea captain will make that go down."

"I aint afraid of my own looks," replied the man gruffly;" its the girl's that I'm uneasy about. Suppose she don't take that quieting stuff, and happens to break out wild just as I get her to the cars, then what am I to do?"

"What a white-livered fool you are!" cried the other angrily, "getting up nonsense to frighten yourself with. Don't I tell you she's been swallowing that stupifying medicine with every drop of tea she's taken to-day, and that she's lying now as quiet as a lamb all ready to start when the time comes. You're so upset because you and I met that little misfortune in our game, and the captain sort of triumphed over us, that you haven't been your ownself since he brought the girl here that night."

"He's been acting the tyrant ever since, and ordering me round like a dog," growled Matt. "I'm no partner in the job; I'm a slave to be kicked here or there at his nod, and so are you, though you seem to take it so mild all of a sudden."

"I can afford to do it when I'm gaining stock to go on in the future," chuckled the woman cunningly, "and so could you too, Matt, if your temper wasn't so riled. See here! you started in alone on this work, and meant to keep dark even to me. You were to nab this girl without making suspicion, and carry her off somewhere and keep her quiet. You found it harder than you thought, and had to let me in the game to help you. Between us we managed it lovely and got the door shut against her at the rich lady's house, but there was a slip at the last, and that canting sneak Tyrrell came between me and my end, for which he'll pay dear, before long!"

She shook her fist in the air menacingly, and her bushy brows met in a wickedly threatening frown.

"You baulked, and the game slipped, that's the whole of it!" interrupted Brice with a savage oath, "I got the abuse, for it was my game you spoilt, and I've had to bear the bully's airs ever since, because he had the good luck to secure the girl when she'd given us the dodge. Now I'm under orders instead of acting on my own hook and demanding my own price, and you grin and nod as if it was all right, and we were both in for a rich thing!"

"And so we are, my ducky;" hissed the old plotter through her closed lips, "we're in a paying job with no risk. Don't you see! He's got a private mad housekeeper to receive the girl on a trumped up doctor's certificate, and keep her there at a great price which you have to pay for him. He has had to do all the writing himself, and there we've got a hold on him. I've kept his bird in the cage here, and you're going to carry her safe to her home behind the iron bars.

"Ned drives here, we lift her into the carriage quiet as a lamb, the train goes through at four in the morning, and no one stands about staring at the depot at that hour, a private compartment is engaged, and no one sees her or hears her, even if she was able to scream, which she aint, and when you stop to-night at North Junction, the mad doctor's carriage will meet you, and take you straight to the institution with your poor crazy daughter that you're willing to spend thousands on to have her restored to the blessings of reason!"

Mother Webb cast up her leering old eyes, and said this with an affectation of intense sorrow; then she burst into a coarse laugh, and adopting a different tone continued hurriedly and emphatically:

"Don't you see where we've got the screw on the captain, and how we can turn it hard whenever he is stingy with his cash! We're his confidants, and we can turn against him any moment he's slow with his purse strings. We've done nothing but follow his directions, we're innocent of breaking the law ourselves, and we have him in our power."

"We're nice ones to prosecute," snarled Matt, "we've got such a clear record that we can afford to haul any one in the grip of the law!"

"Law, you fool!" retorted Mother Webb, "who talks of law? Can't we sell him up to the other party—for there is another party you know, and one that's dreadfully fond of the girl too!"

Matt gave no verbal reply to this, but he winked with more expression and less ill-temper than he had shown, and getting up stretched himself yawningly, and crossed the floor once or twice in an impatient walk.

"Lie down Matt; there's a blanket in the corner," said his companion persuasively. "Its two good hours yet before Ned will be here, and you need sleep. I'll keep watch, if there's any watch needed, but there ain't. Who's to interrupt or interfere?"

"I don't know," said Brice doggedly, "but I don't feel easy. That fellow can't have any idea of our plan, but I don't trust him."

"Do you mean Tyrrell?"

"Who else should I mean; wasn't it him that broke your snare!"

"Yes; curse him; but there's the other, the young doctor."

"Yes," laughed Brice hoarsely, "but the captain was cute enough to manage him. The Courtland Terrace people went to Elm street, and so we emptied that crib by a letter written in imitation of Norah's hand, inclosing some money, and telling her mother and sister to join her at a place in the south where she would meet them and explain all. The young doctor came back sooner than we had counted on, and this new trick is sure to get rid of him till all trace of Norah is lost, for of course he will find where the mother and sister have gone, and follow them straight."

The woman nodded approvingly.

"The coast's clear; I told you so, and now stretch your bones and rest, my ducky," entreated Mother Webb.

"Go in and take a look at her to see that she's stupid and ain't likely to give us any trouble getting her into the cab, and then I'll take a snooze," assented Matt.

"You're worse than a nervous bloke on his first job," muttered his friend with the additional force of an oath or two to back her criticism; but she complied with his request, and moved towards the door leading to the secret chamber, known as the cave.

She carried a lighted candle with her, for the poor prisoner was kept in the dark for the purpose of reducing her spirit, and making her submissive. Very little food had been served to her since her entrance into Mother Webb's establishment, with the same end in view.

Seemingly the treatment had been effective; for the last two or three days the prisoner had completely succumbed to the authority of her jailor, and neither murmured nor resisted in any way. Consequently, Mother Webb chuckled over her conquest and redoubled her harshness and cruelty to her passive victim.

Her visit this time was merely to satisfy the unusual fears of Matt Brice; she herself had none, she was quite certain she should find the girl cowering in the corner with her cloak wrapt round her head as if to shut out the sight of her prison and her jailor.

The drugs with which the weak tea they served her was impregnated had seemed to work well. Its object was to affect her brain, and she appeared as if laboring under some stupifying influence, and kept her eyes closed.

Feeling, therefore, no anxiety, but rather a sense of triumph and security, the hardened old woman unbolted and pushed open the door, and thrust in the candle she carried to illumine the dark interior of the apartment.

A cold draught of air extinguished it instantly, and filled her with alarm. For a moment she stood astonished and frightened, then she roared:

"Matt, bring a lantern quick, something's wrong!" The response was a loud imprecation and the hasty springing of the startled villain over the floor.

His very excitement interfered with his speed, for it was some moments before he possessed himself of the requisite light, and came blundering through the passage.

"Quick!" almost shrieked the woman, "give it here."

She rushed in with it holding it aloft in her hand.

Its dull rays falling through the grimy glass illumined the interior of the dark room, and showed it to be empty!

With a horrible oath, the old hag, actually foaming with rage, screamed:

"She's gone, and the devil himself must have helped her off through the floor or the ceiling."

"Look, idiot," snarled Brice, white with passion, "you're tricked again, you old fool, don't you see the hole in the chimney, big enough for two to escape by? If I had a club, I'd see if your head is hollow, your cursed old mar plot!"

Without heeding his words, the woman seized his arm, and cried, "listen!"

There was the sound of wheels *outside* stopping at the door.

"The captain! the captain!" she cried, "what shall we say to him?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AGRICULTURAL.

WEATHER-PROOF WHITEWASH.—Take five pounds whiting, four ounces air-slacked lime, and mix with skim milk. Apply three coats and it will last four years, on fence or outbuilding.

WHATEVER rural work we can perform this fall is that much off our hands when spring work will be pressing. The garden should be carefully cleared of old vines and refuse litter of every description; the bean-poles and pea-sticks should be cleaned and put away for next season's campaign; the soil ought to be manured and dug over, and the surface suffered to remain in ridges to be acted upon by the frost.

RYE FOR PASTURE.—We do not wish to be too persistent in urging a field of fall rye for winter and spring pasture. It is, however, of so much value in saving other feed, giving a wholesome change to all kinds of domestic stock, that its advantages cannot be too thoroughly brought forward. The fresh cows in the spring, when butter is always high, will improve upon rye pasture with great rapidity, increasing the flow of milk and general health of the animal. Besides all this, the crop of rye pays all expenses.

A BED sown with spinach, which upon the advent of freezing weather should be covered with a thin coating of straw, will give the owner many an enjoyable meal in advance of any other fresh crop. Then, too, a few plants of lettuce set out on a warm, sunny slope on the side of ridges, will be ready for cutting very early, and will be acceptable to almost every one. Onions planted now make early greens, as two or three warm days after the frost is out starts them into growth. All such crops will be the better for a thin coating of straw.

IT is in autumn that the orchardists should ascertain if the "borer" is at work, and in a large majority of cases he is, and can readily be found and dislodged. The noviciate who has yet to be introduced to this unwelcome neighbor may readily find him at home by searching carefully around the bodies of the trees close to the surface of the ground, and occasionally just beneath the soil. A little mass of gum and chips, or dust, generally serve to render his whereabouts known, and a short wire pushed into the hole, if the trees have been neglected, will in most cases destroy him; but if annually performed, a sharp-pointed knife soon brings him to light.

GOOD COWS.—The largest recorded yield of a single cow that is perfectly well authenticated, is that of an animal kept at jail, at Lewes, England. In eight consecutive years she gave 9,720 gallons, on an average of more than 1,210 gallons a year. She was milked one year 358 days, and gave 1,230 gallons, which made 540 pounds of butter, or at the rate of a pound of butter from 22 pounds of milk. A. M. Scott, of Shaftesbury, Vt., had a cow whose milk yielded 404 pounds of butter in 1866, or at the rate of one pound of butter from 20 pounds of milk. An Ayrshire cow recently yielded 390½ pounds of butter in ten months after calving, or between March 10th, 1866, and January 10th, 1867, besides supplying a family with milk and cream.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—As soon as crops are gathered the ground should be cleared of weeds, plowed or spaded, and planted with some quick growing crop such as turnips, spinach and the like; never allow the ground in the garden to remain idle for any length of time. In starting a garden, begin this fall by turning over the sod, first covering it with a heavy dressing of manure. The sod will decay during the fall and winter, and in the spring manure the land heavily again and cross-plow. Before plowing remove all rocks and stumps, so that a smooth straight narrow furrow may be turned. Make it a point to attend some neighboring Fair with the family, and if possible, take along some of the best products of the garden and orchard; it will stimulate the boys to renewed exertions in the growing of fine fruits and vegetables.

"VERGISZMEINNICHT."

BY DELMADI.

Forget me not, Forget me not,
For lone and dreary is my lot,
As far away from that dear spot
Which to us both was home;
I wander to another shore,
And dream of happy moments o'er
Which we have shared in days of yore,
Before I needs must roam!

Oh! well I know you'll ne'er forget
The one who loves you truly—yet
I would that we had never met
If I must be forgot.
Thus, as I breathe my last adieu,
And promise that I will be true,
I ask, as my last wish, of you,
Dear friend, forget me not.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

[This story was commenced in No. 14, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VII.

A COUPLE OF CALIFORNIAN "CABALLEROS."

The true types of Californian chivalry, or villainy, have just emerged from the suburbs of San Francisco, taking the road which leads southward along shore.

Both are garbed in grand style—in the national costume of California, which in point of picturesqueness is not exceeded by any other in the world.

They wear the wide trousers (calzoneras), along the outer seams lashed with gold lace, and beset with filigree buttons; the snow-white drawers (calzoncillos) here and there pulling out; below, *botas* and spurs—the last with rowels several inches in diameter, that glitter like great stars behind their heels. They have tight-fitting jackets of velveteen, closed in front, and over the bosom elaborately embroidered; scarfs of China crape round their waists, the ends dangling down the left hip, terminating in a fringe of gold cord; on their heads *sombreros* with broad brim and band of bullion—the *toquilla*. In addition each carries over his shoulders a *manya*—the most magnificent of outside garments, with a drape graceful as a Roman *toga*. That of one is scarlet colored, the other sky blue. Their horses are not less grandly bedecked. Saddles of stamped leather, scintillating with silver studs—their cloths elaborately embroidered; bridles of plaited horsehair, pointed with taga and tassels; bits of the Mamaluke pattern, with check-pieces and curbs powerful enough to break the jaw at a jerk.

The steeds thus splendidly caparisoned are worthy of it. Though small, they are of perfect shape—pure blood of Arabian sires, transmitted through dams of Andalusia. They are descended from the stock transported to the New World by the *Conquistadores;* and the progenitor of one or other may have carried Alvarado, or Sandoval—perhaps Cortez himself.

The riders are both men of swarthy complexion, with traits that tell of the Latinic race. Their features are Spanish; in one a little more pronounced than the other. He who wears the scarlet-colored cloak has all the appearance of being Mexican born. The blood in his veins, giving the brown tinge to his skin, is not Moorish, but more likely from the aborigines of California. For all that, he is not a *mestizo*, only one among whose remote ancestry an Indian woman may have played part, since the family-tree of many a proud Californian has sprung from such root.

He is a man of medium size, with a figure squat and somewhat spare, and sits his horse as though he were part of the animal. If seen afoot, his legs would appear bowed, almost bandied, showing that he has spent the greater part of his life in the saddle. His face is flat, its outline rounded, the nose compressed, nostrils agape, and lips thick enough to suggest the idea of an African origin. But his hair contradicts this, being straight as needles, and black as the skin of a Colobus monkey. More likely he has it from the Malays, through the Californian Indian, some tribes of which are undoubtedly of Malayan descent. Whatever the mixture in his blood, the man is himself a native Californian, born by the side of San Francisco Bay, on a *ganaderia*, or grazing estate. He is some twenty-six or seven years of age, his name Faustino Calderon—"Don" by ancestral right, and ownership of the aforesaid ganaderia.

He in the scarlet manga, though but two or three years older, is altogether different in appearance as otherwise—personally handsomer and intellectually superior. His features, better formed, are more purely Spanish, their outline oval and regular; the jaws broad and balanced; the chin prominent; the nose high, without being hooked or beaked; the brow classically cut, and surmounted by a thick shock of hair, coal-black in color, and waved rather than curling. Heavy moustaches on the upper lip, with an imperial on the under one, the last extending below the point of the chin—all the rest of his face, throat, and cheeks clean shaven—such are the facial characteristics of Don Francisco de Lara, who is a much larger, and to all appearance stronger man than his traveling companion.

Though Spanish in features, and speaking the language, he can also talk English with perfect fluency—French, too, when called upon, with a little Portuguese and Italian. For, in truth, he is not a Spaniard, though of Spanish descent, a Creole of New Orleans—hence his philological acquirements. He is one of those children of chance, wanderers who come into the world nobody knows how, when or whence, only that they are in it, and while there, performing a part in accordance with their mysterious origin—living in luxury, and finding the means for it by ways that baffle conjecture.

Frank Lara is fully thirty years of age, the last ten of which he has spent on the shores of San Francisco Bay. Landing there from an American whaling vessel, and in sailor costume, he cast off his tarry togs, and took to land-life in California. Its easy idleness, as its lawlessness, exactly suited his natural inclinations—and, above all, his *penchant* for gaming. He soon became a noted character in the cockpit, as at the card-table, making money by both—enough to keep him without the necessity of asking favors from any one.

Similar inclinings and pursuits, at an early period, brought him and Calderon in contact, and relations have been formed between them, now firmly fixed. Of late more than ever, for, since the breaking out of the gold-fever, with its consequent Anglo-Saxon invasion, they have become united in a business partnership—in a *bank*. Not one of the ordinary kind, for discount and deposit, with desks and counters for the transaction of affairs, but such as may be seen in any Californian town—a drinking saloon containing tables, covered with green cloth, and rows of chairs or benches around them; in short, the species known as a *monte* bank.

Since the discovery of the gold *placers* the streets of San Francisco have become crowded with men mad after the precious metal, among them some who do not desire to undergo the toil of sifting it out of sand, washing it from river-mud, nor yet crushing it clear of quartz-rock. They prefer the easier and cleaner method of gathering it, across the green baize of a gambling table.

To accommodate such gentry, Don Francisco de Lara has established a monte bank, Don Faustino Calderon being his backer. But though the latter is the monied man, and has supplied most of the cash to start with, he does not show in the transaction. He has still some lingering ideas of respectability, and does not desire to appear as a professional gambler. He acts, therefore, as the sleeping partner, while De Dara, with less reputation at stake, is the active and ostensible one.

Such are the two men, splendidly attired and magnificently mounted, who have issued from the new-named town of San Francisco, and are riding along the shore of its bay. As they canter gently through the suburbs they are seen by several, who know and recognize them; many admire their grand style and picturesque habiliments, and notably the gold-diggers and other late comers to California, who have never before seen citizens in such shining array. Farther on the gamesters encounter but few people, and fewer still who know them, for they are now straying beyond the range of red shirts, and meet only the natives of the country, *rancheros*, riding townward. Of such as recognize them the greater number can tell where they are going. They would say that Calderon is on his way to the *hacienda* of Don Gregorio Montijo, and could guess his errand. About that of De Lara they might not be so sure, though they would suppose him going there, too.

Strange all this to one unacquainted with California and its ways—especially one acquainted with the character of the two individuals in question. He would naturally ask, Could men so tainted be on visiting terms with the family of a gentleman, among the first in California, ranking with its grandest *ricos*, and *familias principales?* By one knowing the country and its customs in the olden time the answer would not be a negative, for there and then every second man met with was a gambler, either professionally or in practice—and not a few women as well! He who did not occasionally cast dice, or stake doubloons upon the turning of a card, was a *rara avis*. The keeper of a monte bank might not be deemed so respectable as a banker of the ordinary kind; not only was he not socially outlawed, but, if rich, society rather caressed him.

As yet, Don Faustino Calderon has not come under the category of the professional "sport," and respectability does not repel him. His dissipated habits are far from exceptional, and his father's good name still continues to throw its *ægis* over him. Under it he is eligible to Californian society, of the most select kind, and has the *entree* of its best circles.

And so also Don Francisco de Lara—in a different way. Wealth has secured him this, for although anything but rich, he has the repute of being so, and bears evidence of it about him. He is always stylishly and fashionably attired; his shirt of the finest linen, with diamond studs sparkling in its front. In addition to all, he is good-looking and of graceful deportment, without being at all a dandy. On the contrary, he carries himself with earnest air, calm and cool, while in his eye may be read the expression, *noli me tangere*. A native of New Orleans, where duels occur almost daily, he is up in the *d'escrime*. Since his arrival in California he has twice called out his man, on the second occasion killing him.

Escroc as the French might call him, "blackleg" in the English vocabulary, "sport" in American phrase, Frank Lara is a man with whom no one who knows him would like to take liberties.

In the companionship of Calderon—under his wing, as it were—he has been admitted into the best houses, and along with the latter, is now on the way to visit that of Don Gregorio Montijo. That their visit is of unique character, and for an important purpose, can be gleaned from the speech passing between them as they ride along the road.

"Well, Calderon," says De Lara, "from something you said before setting out, I take it you're going to Don Gregorio's on business very similar to my own. Come, comrade! declare your errand."

"Declare yours."

"Certainly. I shall make no secret of it to you, nor need I. Why should there be any between us? We've now known one another long, and intimately enough, to exchange confidences of even the closest kind. To-day mine is—that I mean proposing to Don Gregorio's daughter."

"And I," returns Calderon, "intend doing the same to his grand-daughter."

"In that case, we're both in the same boat. Well, as there's no rivalry between us, we can pull pleasantly together. I've no objection to being your uncle; even admitting you to a share in the Spaniard's property, proportioned to your claims of kinship."

"I don't want a dollar of the old Don's money; only his grand-daughter. I'm deeply in love with her."

"And I," continues De Lara, "am just as deeply in love with his daughter—it may be deeper."

"You couldn't. I'm half mad about Inez Alvarez. I could kill her—if she refuse me."

"I *shall* kill Carmen Montijo if she refuse *me*."

The two men are talking seriously, or seem so. Their voices, the tone, the flashing of their eyes, the expression upon their faces, with their excited gesticulation—all show them to be in earnest. At the last outburst of passionate speech they turn round in their saddles, and look each other in the face.

De Lara continues the dialogue:

"Now, tell me, Faustino, what hope have you of success?"

"For that, fair enough. You remember the last *fandango* held at Don Gregorio's—on the day of the cattle-branding?"

"Certainly I do. I've good reason to remember it. But go on."

"Well, that night," proceeds Calderon, "I danced twice with Dona Inez, and made many sweet speeches to her. Once I went farther, and squeezed her pretty hand. She wasn't angry, or at all events didn't say or show it. Surely after such encouragement I may ask that hand in marriage—with fair presumption of not being refused. What's your opinion?"

"Your chances seem good. But what about Don Gregorio himself? He will have something to say in the matter."

"Too much, I fear; and that's just what I do fear. So long as his bit of grazing-land was worth only some thirty thousand dollars, he was amiable enough. Now that by this gold discovery it's got to be good value for ten times the amount, he'll be a different man, and likely enough will go dead against me."

"Likely enough. It's the way of the world, and therefore, on that account, you needn't have a special spite against the Senor Montijo. You're sure no one else stands between you and your sweetheart? Or is there something in the shape of a rival?"

"Of course there is—a score of them, as you ought to know; same as with yourself, De Lara. Suitors have been coming and going with both, I suppose, ever since either was old enough to receive them. The last I've heard of as paying attentions to Inez is a young naval officer—a midshipman on board a British man-of-war now lying in the harbor. Indeed, there are two of them spoken of; one said to be your rival, as the other is mine. Shall I tell you what's been for some time the talk of the town? You may as well know it, if you don't already."

"What?" asks the Creole, excitedly.

"Why, that the one represented as your competitor has cut out all Carmen's other admirers—yourself among the rest."

Bitter words to the ear of Francisco de Lara, bringing the red color to his cheeks, as if they had been smitten by a switch. With eyes flashing, and full of jealous fire, he exclaims: "If that be so, I'll do as I've said——"

"Do what?"

"*Kill Carmen Montijo.* I swear it. I'm in earnest, Calderon, and mean it. If it be as you've heard, I'll surely kill her. I've the right to her life—by her giving me the right to her love."

"But did she do that? Has she confessed to loving you?"

"Not in words, I admit. But there are other signs of assent strong as speech, or the hand-squeezings you speak of. Carmen Montijo may be cunning. Some call her a coquette. All I know is she has led me to believe she loved me; and if she's been playing a false game, she shall rue it, one way or the other. This day I'm determined to ascertain the truth by offering her my hand in marriage. If she refuse it, then I'll know how things stand, and take steps for squaring accounts between us. She shall find that Frank Lara is not the sort of man to let one of woman-kind either laugh at or play tricks with him."

"I admire your spirit, *amigo*. I catch courage from it, and will imitate your action. If it turn out that Inez has been trifling with me, I'll——Well, we must find what answer there is for us; which we shall, I suppose, soon after ascending yonder hill. One of us may be accepted, the other rejected. In that case, one will be happy, the other wretched. Or both may be accepted, and then we'll both be blessed. Taking things at their worst, and that we both get refused—what then Despair and a speedy end, I suppose?"

"The last if you like, but not the first. When despair comes to Frank Lara, death will come along with it, or soon after. But we waste time talking; let us forward and learn our fate!"

With stroke of spur, urging their horses into a gallop, the two *caballeros* keep on; in the countenances of both a cast showing them half-hopeful, half-doubting—such as may be seen when men are about to make some desperate attempt, with uncertainty as to the result. On Calderon's, notwithstanding his assumed levity, the expression is almost of despair; on that of De Lara it is more of a demon.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ENCOUNTER INEVITABLE.

After having delivered their speeches, so nearly alike in sound, yet so different in sense, the two ladies on the house-top stand for a short time silent, their eyes turned toward the approaching horsemen. These are still more than a mile off, and to the ordinary eye only distinguishable as mounted men, wearing cloaks, one of scarlet color, the other of sky blue. But despite the distance the young girls easily identify them, both simultaneously, and in tones somewhat contemptuous, pronouncing their names.

"Yes," says Carmen, speaking in full assurance, with a lorgnette raised to her eyes, hitherto bent upon the British warship. "No truer types of what I have called them than Francisco de Lara, and Faustino Calderon."

The frown that came over her face at first sight of them remains upon it as she continues regarding them through the glass. After an interval she adds, interrogatively, and with a certain uneasiness of manner:

"Think you they are coming to the house, Inez?"

"That is very likely; I should say almost certain."

"What can be bringing them?" mechanically queries Carmen, with an air of increased vexation.

"Their horses, aunt," rejoins the niece, jestingly.

"Don't jest, Inez. It's too serious."

"What's too serious?"

"Why, these fellows coming hither. I wonder what they can be wanting?"

"You needn't wonder at that," says Inez, speaking jocularly. "I can tell what one of them wants, and that's Don Francisco de Lara. He is desirous to have a look at the mistress of this mansion."

"And Don Faustino Calderon is no doubt equally desirous to have a look at her niece," retorts the aunt in like bantering tone.

"He's quite welcome. He may look at me till he strain his ugly eyes out. It won't make any impression."

"I'm sorry I can't say the same for Don Francisco. On me his looks do make an impression, one far from being either pleasant or favorable."

"It wasn't always so, *tia?*"

"No, I admit. I only wish it had been."

"But why?"

"Because now I shouldn't need to be afraid of him."

"Afraid of him! Surely you're not that?"

"Well, no—not exactly—still——"

She speaks hesitatingly, and in disjointed phrases, her head hung down, with a red spot on her cheeks, as though she had some reason for reticence—a secret she scarce likes to disclose. Then a quick change comes over her countenance, and bending closer to the other, she asks:

"Why need you ask that? You've already trusted me with one, in telling me you love Don Eduardo Crozier."

"Now I give you another. I once loved Don Francisco de Lara."

"Indeed!"

"No, no," rejoins Carmen, quickly, and as it half-repenting the avowal—"Not *loved* him—that's not true. I only came near it."

"And now?"

"I hate him!"

"Why, may I ask? What has changed you?"

"That's easily answered. Listen, Inez, and you shall have the explanation. When I first met him I was much younger than now. A mere girl, full of girlish fancies—romantic, as called. They may not be gone yet—not all. But whatever of them remains, no longer turns towards Francisco de Lara. I thought him handsome, and in a sense so he is. In person you'll admit he's all man may or need be—a sort of Apollo or Hyperion. But in mind, ah! Inez, that man is a very Satyr, in heart and soul a Mephistocles. I only discovered it when I became better acquainted with him. Then I *hated* him, and do so still."

"But why should you be afraid of him?"

Carmen does not reply promptly. Clearly she has not yet given the whole of her confidence. There is something withheld.

Inez, whose sympathies are now enlisted, seeing that her aunt has some secret cause for suffering, presses for the explanation. She does so entreatingly, in the language of sisterly affection.

"Carmen, dear Carmen, tell me what it is. Have you ever given Don Francisco a claim to call you his *novia?*"

"Never! Neither that, nor anything of the kind. He has no claim, and I no compromise. The only thing I've reason to regret is, having listened to certain flattering speeches, without resenting them."

"Pst! What does that signify? Why, Don Faustino has made flattering speeches to me—scores of them—called me all sorts of endearing names—does so whenever we two are together alone. I only laugh at him."

"Ah! Faustino Calderon is not Francisco de Lara. They are men of very different characters. In the behavior of your admirer there's only a little of the ludicrous; in that of mine, there may be a great deal of danger. But let us cease discussing them. There's no time for that now. The question is, are they coming on to the house?"

"I think there can be no question about it; like enough they've heard that we're soon going away, and are about to honor us with a farewell visit."

"Would it were only that. But visit of whatever kind, 'tis extremely ill-timed, and may be awkward."

"How so?"

"Supposing they should stay till our English friends arrive? You know 'tis near the hour they were invited to ride out with us. Twelve, father told them, he says. It's now half past eleven; and if the four should meet here, wouldn't we be in a dilemma? It's very vexatious, the coming of these two cavaliers."

"Let them come—who cares? I don't."

"But I do. If papa were at home, I mightn't so much mind it. But, just now, I've no desire to see De Lara alone—and still less while being visited by Don Eduardo. They're both *demonios*, though in a very different way; and sure as fate there'd be trouble, perhaps a fight, between them. That wouldn't be at all pleasant. But, let us hope our friends from the ship won't get here, till our shore *friends*—or enemies, I should rather style them—have done their *devoirs*, and gone away."

"But our ship friends will be here before that. I declare they're on the way now. Look yonder!"

Inez points over the bay in the direction of the British frigate, where a boat is in the water under the ship's beam. The sun, reflected from dripping oar-blades, shows that they are in motion. And while the girls continue gazing, the boat is seen to separate from the ship's side, and pull shoreward, straight towards the sand-spit which shoots out in front of Don Gregorio's dwelling. The rowers are all dressed alike, the measured stroke of their oars betokening that the boat belongs to the man-of-war. But the young ladies do not conjecture about that; nor have they any doubt as to the identity of two of the figures seated in the stern-sheets. Those uniforms of dark blue, with the gold buttons, and yellow cap-bands, are too well known, not to be recognizable at any distance to which love's glances could possibly penetrate. They are the guests expected, for whom the spare horses stand saddled in the patio. For Don Gregorio, not displeased with certain delicate attentions which the young British officers have been paying to the female members of his family, has invited them to visit him—ride out along with the ladies, and on return stay to dinner. He knows that a treat of this kind will be pleasing to those he has asked; and, before leaving home, has given orders for the steeds to be saddled.

It is not the first time Crozier and Cadwallader have been to the Spaniard's house, nor the first to stretch their limbs under his dining table. But it may be the last—at least while that table is spread in his present abode, for in truth it is to be a farewell visit. But along with this understanding another has been entered into. The acquaintance commenced in California is to be renewed at Cadiz—when the Crusader goes thither, which she is ere long expected to do. But for such expectation, Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez would not be so light-hearted at the prospect of a leave-taking so near. Less painful on this account, it might have been even pleasant, but for what they see on the opposite side—the horsemen coming from the town. An encounter between the two pairs gives promise to mar the happy intercourse of the afternoon.

"They'll meet—they must!" says Carmen, speaking apprehensively.

"Let them!" rejoins Inez, in a tone of nonchalance. "What if they do?"

"What! They may quarrel. I'm almost sure they will."

"No fear for that; and, if they should, where's the danger? You, such a believer in the romantic—stickler for old knight-errantry—instead of regretting it, should be glad! Look there! Lovers coming from all sides—suitors by land and suitors by sea! No lady of the troubadour times ever saw the like; none was ever honored by such a rivalry! Come, Carmen, be proud! Stand firm on your castle-keep. Show yourself worthy to receive this splendid adoration!"

"Inez, you don't know the danger."

"There is none. If they should come into collision, and have a fight, let them. I've no fear for mine. If William Cadwallader isn't a match for Faustino Calderon, then he's not match, or mate, for me—never shall be."

"*Sobrina!* you astonish me. I had no idea you were such a *demonio*. The Moorish blood, I suppose. Your words make me almost as wicked as yourself. It isn't for that I'm afraid. I've as much confidence in my lover, as you in yours. No fear that Senor Crozier will cower before Francisco de Lara. If he do, I shall take back my heart a second time, and carry it unscathed to Cadiz."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIÆ.

"WHY is dew like a falling star?" One is mist in earth, and the other missed from heaven.

WHY is the letter q the handiest in the alphabet? Because when it's in use you always find it before u.

WHY should you be justified in picking the pockets of a vendor of engravings? Because he has pict-ures.

"CHARITY begins at home" is well defined by a little Sunday-school child meaning, "Giving to others what we don't want ourselves."

"MA," observed Blobbs's little child reflectively the other night as the first stars came out, "don't you think that when those stars winkle that way they must tickle the angels' feet?"

"WHAT kind of a man is Squire Simmons, anyway?" "Well, you've seen them snow storms along early in winter, when there's a good deal of wind and not much sleighing? That's the sort he is."

"You don't buy boquets of me now, as you used to," said an E-street florist to a young resident of the West End the other day. "No," was the pathetic reply, "I'm married now;" and the sad-eyed youth turned slowly into a stove store.

A PROFESSOR asked his class: "What is the aurora?" A student scratching his head, replied, "Well, professor, I did know; but I have forgotten." "Well, that is sad, very said," rejoined the professor. "The only man in the world that ever knew has forgotten it."

A DANBURY deacon nearly captured five boys who had been devastating his chestnut trees on Sunday afternoon. Shaking his fists after the retiring forms, he angrily shouted, "The sneaking little devils! If I had hold of 'em one minute I'd——," and then suddenly espying his pastor on the scene, he impressively added, "I'd pray for 'em."

"WHAT'S all this talk about the currency, and the five-twinties and the sivin-thirties that I hears about, Mike?" "Why, bliss your sowl, don't ye know, Pat? It manes that the Government wants to make the laborin' min work from five-twinty in the mornin' till sivin-thirty in the avaning." "Och, the spalpeens! May the divil choke thim!"

PARSONS, a lawyer in Chicago, was trying a case before a jury, being counsel for the prisoner. The judge was very hard upon him, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Mr. Parsons moved for a new trial. The judge denied the motion, and remarked: "The court and jury think the prisoner a knave and a fool." The counsel promptly replied: "The prisoner wishes me to say he is perfectly satisfied—he has been tried by a court and jury of his peers!"

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

In our issue of October 9th, 1875, No. 11, we gave a list of Fifty Conundrums, each to be answered by the name of a well-known author. The following are the answers:

1. Chaucer. 2. Dryden. 3. Pope. 4. Taylor. 5. Holmes. 6. Holland. 7. Hood. 8. Burns. 9. Abbott. 10. Southey. 11. Shelley. 12. Coleridge. 13. Young. 14. Lowell. 15. Campbell. 16. Akenside. 17. Wordsworth. 18. Longfellow. 19. Whittier. 20. Goldsmith. 21. Harte. 22. Spencer. 23. Chatterton. 24. De Quincey. 25. Bacon. 26. Bunyan. 27. Churchill. 28. Curtis. 29. Proctor. 30. W. Savage Landor. 31. Steele. 32. Tennyson. 33. Willis. 34. Browning. 35. Swift. 36. Cornwall. 37. Shakspeare. 38. Crabbe. 39. Cooke. 40. Dickens. 41. Stowe. 42. Lamb. 43. Beecher. 44. Milton. 45. Motherwell. 46. Addison. 47. Howitzer. 48. Byrant. 49. Cowper. 50. Gray.

Enfeebling Pursuits.

Nature intended that we should use our legs freely, and revenges herself upon those who constantly sit at their daily avocations indoors by depriving them of that robust health which usually falls to the share of those who labor on foot in the open air, and very frequently inflicts upon them diseases and premature infirmities which they might have avoided by a more active life. Persons who become enfeebled in consequence of sedentary habits or occupations cannot do better than to resort to a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a means of recovering lost strength. Nor should they postpone a recourse to this supreme tonic and preventive of physical decay longer than is absolutely necessary, as weakness is too often the precursor of disease. The bitters are also invaluable as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, intermittent fever, urinary and rheumatic complaints.

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.—*The superiority of these extracts consist in their perfect purity and great strength.* They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the fictitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and are so highly concentrated that a comparatively small quantity only need be used.

EXPLANATIONS of all the stops—pedal and swell—their nature, uses, compass and combinations, are given in Clarke's Improved School for the Parlor Organ, by Hugh A. Clarke, and are found in no other instructor. The work is superior. Price, $2.50. Lee & Walker, Phila.

FOR NEARLY THREE MONTHS MY WIFE was troubled with a Bad Cough, and when all the medicines prescribed by my Doctor failed, I was recommended to try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and I am glad to say it entirely cured her. I have every confidence in the effectiveness of the Expectorant, and have ever since kept a bottle of it in the house.—*C. Mendes, Lucknow, India.*

1821. 1876.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of so gratifying a character as to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers, that cannot be excelled. Never before has there been such a

Brilliant Array of Contributors,

among whom we may now mention the following distinguished authors, all of whom will appear in our columns:

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
MISS MULOCH, Author of John Halifax, Gentleman,
MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,
MRS. HESTER A. BENEDICT,
MARGARET BLOUNT,
AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
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CATHARINE FILER,
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MARGARET EARLE,
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CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq., Author of "Old Fort Duquesne,"
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THE BOUDOIR.

"What is the leading style in dress, simplicity or excess of ornament?" asks an anxious correspondent of us, and we must confess that we find some difficulty in replying. There are so many different fancies to be suited, and Fashion herself accords now such wide liberty in these matters, that one style is as much adopted as another. If, however, our fair friend had asked us which of the two we should recommend, we would have no hesitancy in advising an elegant simplicity.

Among the pleasing fashions of a season or two past, we have always ranked the graceful polonaise, and heartily commend the tendency shown by leading modistes to revive it. In some of the late openings there were as many polonaises exhibited as basques and overskirts. For the rich fabrics of brocade, damask and velvet now so popular, there is no more graceful and elegant mode of making them up. As a general rule the polonaise does not admit of much ornamentation, and hence the appropriateness of it for rich material.

We were shown a very beautiful one in blue plum velvet, intended to be worn with a silk skirt of the same tint. It was buttoned down the entire front with crochet silk buttons; the bottom simply corded with silk; a deep full pocket on the right side of the front; Byron collar of silk; long, full Venetian sleeves, lined with silk, and corded finely on the edge. Three silk bows marked or ended the three seams of the Marguerite back, and draped it slightly.

The hat worn with this suit was of silk and velvet, of the same shade as the underskirt, the shape much the style of the English walking hat, with a few modifications; a long ostrich feather of a similar tint was placed directly in front, and carried from thence over the top of the crown, falling over the back easily and gracefully.

In many instances the polonaise is finished with square basque ends in the back, and sometimes the fronts are, as formerly used to be the style, lapped diagonally across.

A very stylish polonaise had open fronts, sloping away towards the back. The fronts of the corsage were cut to represent a Louis Sixteenth masque, and had a deep vest, buttoned from throat to the bottom. The material was a plaided Algerine, and the vest a plain color to match the principal stripe in the plaided material.

A stylish costume for dinner or evening wear was of black silk, trimmed with facings of cardinal red. It was made with a long and full train. A pyramid of box-pleated flounces was placed on each seam, extending as far up as the knee; each alternate flounce was of the cardinal red.

An overskirt of black worsted brocade, with raised figures of silk, was made very long, and had a folded scarf of cardinal-colored silk, fastened in front just below the waist, and taken back, where, slightly draping the back breadths of the overdress, it is tied back in two double loops, and bows with hanging ends. These latter finished with deep knotted fringe.

A street costume of plaided camels' hair, and plain serge, was made with the lower skirt of the plain material, trimmed at the bottom with two narrow flounces of the same, headed by a band of the plaid. The deep overskirt had upturned folds, half way of its depth; these were confined in the centre by four bows placed at intervals. At the sides were three rows of shirring; at the bottom a knife pleating of the plain serge.

A Louis Sixteenth basque of the plaid had a deep vest of the plain; sleeves of the plain material, with deep plaid cuffs. A small Martha Washington fichu, edged with knotted woolen fringe, was placed around the shoulders.

We noticed a very pretty suit for a little girl of nine or ten, of striped Algerine—white ground, with shaded blue stripes. It had a kilted skirt, which buttoned down the back. The front and two small side widths were plain, and trimmed with a kilt plaiting to simulate a deep square apron.

The overdress was cut, waist and skirt, in one piece, and square in the back and front. It was buttoned down the front with cameo-tinted pearl buttons, and had three rows of bias pieces and a knife pleating around the edge of the skirt; also three rows of the folds about the square neck.

The peculiarity of the garment consisted of a very short back, scarcely three inches below the waist at the middle of the back, and sloping down longer on the hips; slashed open there, and the front forming a deep square apron.

We must not neglect to mention the styles for our "little men." One for a boy of four or five years old is made of dark blue cashmere, and is cut in one waist and skirt. The front is double-breasted, and has a deep Byron collar, inside of which is a plain piece which comes up well around the throat. The entire garment excepting the front widths is laid in deep kilt plaits, a double row of smoked pearl buttons is placed down the front. A wide sash of dark twilled blue silk is tied in loose folds about the waist, and knotted behind; the ends fringed deeply.

A suit for a boy of eight or nine years old was of dark brown cloth; the pants cut rather loose, and reaching only a short distance below the knee. The jacket came down well on the hips, and had sidebodies which fit well into the back, and were lapped over the middle piece three or four inches from the edge; these lappels are scalloped on the edge, and have three buttons on each scallop. A scalloped cuff finishes neatly the coat-sleeve, and a small rolling collar the neck; small square pockets are placed on the fronts low down, and a deep vest is seen at the opening of the lower edge. Being double-breasted it is usually fastened only in the middle of the front, the edges being cut somewhat sloping away from that point, in order to show the vest. Derby hat of brown felt with shaded wing on one side.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Long cloaks of various forms and designs will be fashionably worn this winter.

Feather muffs, to match the trimming on garments or cloaks, are among the novelties. They are light and warm.

All trimmings merge towards the front and sides, but the back of garments is still draped.

The most elegant overdresses and polonaises are plain, and simply corded on the edge.

A charming fancy in jewelry is wheat ears of tiny pearls combined with gold points or "beards"—the grains of wheat represented by the pearls.

Fur-bordered cloaks will be fashionably worn this winter.

Roman sashes will be again worn very wide and laid in soft folds.

Orange blossoms are no longer *en regle* for brides.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

LILIAN DALLAS.—Received yours and replied by mail, we trust satisfactorily.

MISS M. G.—The price of the article you desire will vary according to the length and weight of the switch. Long hair is costly.

MRS. McK. (Wheeling, W. Va.)—No; we do not think your daughter too old to wear her hair loose and flowing. It is still fashionable tied however half way down with a dark blue, cardinal red, or brown ribbon. It is moreover very healthy for the hair, making it grow and thicken. NINON.

MY SWEETHEART.

When with rich and mellowed splendor
The day is passing from our sight,
And with noiseless steps come creeping
Pale shadows of the coming night:
Down a quiet street I hasten,
And yet what laggards seem my feet,
For however quick my footsteps,
My eager heart is yet more fleet;
And goes leaping on before me
To a certain window, where
She, my love, stands waiting for me,
Sunbeams lingering in her hair.
Bright smiles always greet my coming,
And her smile I know she caught
From some angel met in dreamland,
Yet they bring a bitter thought.
Lovely as an artist's vision,
Sweet and pure as she is fair,
More than all my life I love her,
Does she know? or can she care?
And there comes a dreary heartache,
I can scarcely understand,
As I pause to look up at her
And lightly smiling kiss my hand.
Doubt must follow true love's footsteps,
Hearts ache easier than they thrill.
And our sweetest cup of pleasure
The hand we love will oft times spill.

Ah, well! Time may bring me solace,
Warm the heart now seeming cold,
I can wait with tender patience,
My sweetheart is but two years old.

HENRY V. OF ENGLAND.

BY A. H. WHARTON.

"List his discourse of war, and you shall hear a fearful battle render'd you in music."
—SHAKESPEARE.

Now, when the magnificent representation of Shakespeare's Henry Fifth, that delighted New York for so many nights last season, has gladdened our eyes, and stirred up within us that love of chivalry and romance that lies dormant in almost every heart, we insensibly turn our thoughts from every day themes and interests into more remote channels, and Henry of Monmouth, with the words of the great master on his tongue, becomes again the hero of the hour.

Descended from a race of warriors, among whose ranks Edward, the Black Prince, his great uncle, shines forth, conspicuous alike for his bravery in action, and the sweetness and nobility of his character; numbering among his direct ancestors Edwards First and Third, himself, the grandson of John of Gaunt, and son of Henry of Lancaster, the subject of our sketch united in his mind, person, and manners a rare combination of the qualities most prized at the time in which he lived. While from his father's side, Henry of Monmouth, so called from the place of his birth, that lovely town in Southern Wales, inherited traits that have caused his name and deeds to be long,

"Sung in song, chearsed in story,"

from his mother, the gentle Mary de Bohun, he drew those more endearing characteristics that were destined to gain for him a lasting ascendancy over the hearts of his subjects. By some historians, Henry's great devotion to the Romish church, and rigorous observance of her ancient ceremonials are attributed to the teachings of his mother, while to others, his unrelenting persecution of the Lollards, and his indictment and final execution of Lord Cobham, seem but natural outgrowths of the blind and fanatical spirit of the age.

Prince Henry was nine years old at the time of his father's usurpation. He had, previously, formed one of Richard's suite, and always entertained kindly feelings toward the dethroned monarch, whose remains he had disinterred, after his father's death, and borne to Westminster Abbey, with fitting pomp and solemnity.

In his twelfth year, Henry was noted for his personal beauty, and in his manhood, this beauty, united to a charm and grace of manner, and a certain kinglikeness of bearing, must have served, not a little, to swell the tide of popular enthusiasm with which he was greeted wherever he appeared. Although in his youth he had been gay, wild, indiscreet, and very injudicious in the choice of his associates, when the government of the kingdom fell upon his shoulders, Henry, suddenly, developed into a grave and earnest statesman. A contrast so striking, and evincing such power and self control, that his loyal subjects acknowledged that he was great indeed, who at the age of twenty-one, could lay aside the follies and pleasures of youth, and enter with becoming dignity upon the duties of his high office. Indeed from his birth, Henry of Monmouth seemed to be one of those favored mortals destined to win all hearts. Whatever he did, wise or foolish, for though a great warrior and statesman Henry's actions sometimes bore the impress of the rude and barbaric age in which he lived, conspired to render him the idol of the English nation.

Having tried his warlike sinews in repeated engagements against his father's insurgent Welsh subjects, and in the battle of Shrewsbury, it is not strange, that, no sooner was Henry seated on the throne of England than he began to turn his longing eyes toward France, that "Naboth's Vineyard," of British Princes. It has been well said that the memory of Crecy and Poitiers have been ever fatal to the repose of mind of the English kings who succeeded the heroes of those victories, and warlike and daring Harry of Monmouth was no exception to the rule. Sustained by the church in the groundless claim which he made to the French crown, through Edward Third, and warmly supported by the nation, Henry caused preparations to be set on foot for the invasion of France. This time seemed a favorable one, as that country, under the rule of an insane king and a Dauphin of sixteen, was disturbed by internecene wars, while Scotland, the old wolf, ever watching for the British king to be off on foreign conquests intent, to swoop down upon the fold, was in some measure, held at bay by the fact that her future king was a prisoner in the hands of the English.

An army of thirty thousand men was gathered together at Southampton, when an event which to a superstitious mind might have seemed an ill omen, caused a temporary delay. Tidings of a conspiracy, which had for its object the destruction of the king and his brothers, and the elevation of the young Earl of March to the throne, fortunately reached Henry's ears, and Scroop Grey and Cambridge, the prime movers, were at once tried, sentenced and beheaded. Scroop had been one of Henry's most trusted friends, and to the generous and loving nature of the king, such a betrayal seemed incredible.

"'Tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it."

The taking of the fortress of Harfleur, invested August 18th, and entered on the 17th of the following month, was the first victory gained by Henry on French soil. During this hard siege the king and his favorite brother, the Duke of Clarence, distinguished themselves by their bravery and military skill, while Henry's cheerful endurance of trials and hardships proved the sweetness and nobility of his character. The capture of Harfleur was a signal advantage to the English, the army had been, however, reduced to one-half its original number by pestilence and the chance of war, so that it was decided, after deliberation, to return to England at once. This, the king proposed to do, embarking from Calais. On his march, Henry was constantly harrassed by flying parties of the enemy, and on reaching Blangi on the river Ternois, he was surprised by finding the whole French army gathered, in force, to oppose his progress toward the coast. An engagement, at this juncture, promised nothing but defeat and disaster to the English, but the enemy was so posted that honorable escape seemed impracticable. Henry was twenty-seven years of age at this time, a young warrior with an exhausted army brought suddenly face to face with the veterans of France and their fresh troops. The constable of France was at the head of one army, while Henry with Edward, Duke of York, commanded the English. The stormy night that preceded the battle of Agincourt was spent by the latter, in prayer and confession, the young king appearing in all parts of the camp to inspire his followers with courage and hope, while the French, confident of victory, passed the night in laughter, revelry, and song. Thus, the morn of St. Crispian's day dawned on the two armies, the one never dreaming of defeat, destined to see the flower of its chivalry slain or captured, and its proud banners dragged in the dust; while the small band of England, eager, anxious, desperate was to gain a victory, that has made the field of Agincourt forever famous, and won for Henry and his army lasting renown as heroes. It is said, that in this battle the king slew more Frenchmen than any other Englishman, and everywhere his rich armor and glittering crown were a mark for the enemy's fire, while he, undaunted by the superior numbers of the French, led on his little band urging them to renewed efforts by calling on them to remember Crecy and Poitiers, and to make St. Crispian's day forever memorable in the annals of England. Roused to desperation by the stirring words of their king, who painted to them scenes of woe unutterable should it be their sad fate to lose this battle, the brave English rushed forward against their foes, whose position badly chosen in a marsh, and their heavy armor rendered them helpless against the fierce onslaughts of their opponents. Step by step Henry and his army gained, until they had cut through the centre of the van of the French, then, though rallying repeatedly and fighting bravely to the last, they gave way and fled, leaving the English king hero of the most brilliant victory that any age has witnessed.

It is certain that the loss of the French in this battle was far greater than that of the English, although the accounts differ as to actual numbers. Many historians assert that the French lost 10,000 men killed and wounded and 14,000 prisoners, while the English loss numbered but fifty men. This nearly approaches Shakspeare's estimate, and seems too partial to be strictly fair.

Deeming it expedient to return to England after this victory to recruit the forces of his wasted army, Henry embarked from Calais for Dover, whither the news of Agincourt had preceded him. Everywhere the conquerors were met with enthusiastic rejoicings by the populace. The royal procession, when it made its triumphal entry into London, amid the wildest demonstrations of joy, was graced by the presence of many noble captives, among whom were the Marshal of France, and Charles, Duke of Orleans, famous alike as soldier and poet.

While Henry was engaged in recruiting his army, and attending to the affairs of his kingdom, the Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, strove to mediate between the two nations; but France, under the regency of the bold Armagnac, was unwilling to accede to the terms of the conquerors.

Armagnac put an end to all peaceful overtures by the investiture of Harfleur, and by an attack on the English squadron. Accordingly, in 1417, two years after the battle of Agincourt, Henry again set out, intent on the conquest of the French crown, having the Emperor Sigismund for his ally. France, rent in twain by the opposed parties of Orleans and Burgundy, seemed to offer herself an easy prey.

The whole of lower Normandy soon yielded to Henry, and he advanced toward the ancient city of Rouen, which, after a stubborn resistance, succumbed to the victorious monarch. Having gained such firm foothold upon French soil, Henry felt that he had it in his power to dictate terms to the enemy, both factions being anxious to conciliate him. An interview was arranged by the Duke of Burgundy, at which Queen Isabella, who had denounced her son, and openly espoused the cause of the duke, was present with her daughter, the princess, for whose hand the English king had so often and vainly sued; but whom he now beheld for the first time. The heart of the conqueror at once succumbed to the charms of this beautiful woman, for Katharine of Valois, then in her eighteenth year, is described as surpassingly fair, and not destitute of those arts and coquetries to which even the hearts of kings are susceptible.

Isabella, perceiving her advantage, was disinclined to make any concessions, while Henry, though determined to win the princess, was as unwilling as before to yield one jot of his original demand to the wily match-maker. Thus, this conference and many others, terminated unsatisfactorily. It appears that the heart of the fair Katharine was not insensible to the manifold attractions of her princely suitor, for we read of her sending a love-letter to Henry, secretly, by the Bishop of Arras, which was so tender in its tone that it filled the king with joy.

It is pleasant, amid all the turmoil and violence of this campaign, to think of the affection of these royal lovers. Of Katharine's gentle heart beating, like any schoolgirl's, beneath her ermine and jewels, while Henry, forgetting that he is a conqueror, yields himself a willing captive to the charms of the dark-eyed princess of Valois.

Later, when the Duke of Burgundy fell by the hands of the Orleans faction, the Burgundians, anxious to strengthen themselves by an alliance with the English king, submitted to terms most humiliating to the French. By the Treaty of Arras, Henry was to receive the hand of the Princess Katharine, with a handsome dowry, to be acknowledged regent of France during the life of Charles Sixth, and heir of the same at his death.

Shortly after the Treaty of Arras, the betrothal, and, subsequently the marriage of Henry and Katharine were celebrated at Troyes—the latter with great magnificence. The princes of England, France and Burgundy were present, and the captive king, James First of Scotland, doubtless, graced the nuptials of the royal pair.

Henry found no time for repose, even at this brilliant period of his career, as the Dauphin was rapidly becoming a formidable rival. Henry subjugated several towns, and held out against him, entering Paris in triumph, when, in the flower of his manhood, and the height of his glory, having united the government of two of the most powerful kingdoms in his person, Henry was attacked by a malady which proved fatal. In 1422, at the age of thirty-four, Henry Fifth, King of England, heir and regent of France, and Lord of Ireland, terminated his brief but glorious career, leaving a wife, whom he tenderly loved, and a son born at Windsor, and known as the unfortunate Henry Sixth, who inherited titles in his babyhood which in his manhood he was unable to sustain.

OUR CHROMO.

DE SOTO:

Or, THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The above is a very faithful representation, on a small scale, of the Splendid Premium which we are offering to all subscribers to the POST, and which is the largest chromo ever given with any paper, being 19 by 25 inches.

This magnificent picture was copied, by special permission of the Government, from the celebrated painting in the dome of the National Capitol at Washington, and is solely and exclusively ours, in so far that NO ONE can possibly get it except they subscribe to the POST.

The scene of this grand picture is laid on the banks of that most wonderful of rivers, the Mississippi, at or near its junction with the Yazoo, a few miles above the site of the city of Vicksburg, and is one full of interest and excitement. De Soto, the most prominent figure of the group, mounted on a fine white charger, handsomely caparisoned, is a noble-looking man of about fifty years of age, and is receiving the homage of the native Indians whom the Spaniards had conquered after a fierce, hard fight. They are offering De Soto and his followers presents of game, tobacco, rich tropical fruits, beautiful birds, and everything they can imagine the Spaniards would enjoy. De Soto is surrounded by his officers and aids, and in the distance is seen the wide, beautiful river. The picture is full of deep, rich color; in it we can see the tropical fruits and flowers, the birds of bright plumage, the rich dress of the Spaniards, and the brilliant ornaments of the natives.

It is impossible to realize the richness and depth of the color, or the artistic finish of the chromo, by merely looking at the above, which is only a very accurate fac-simile of the grouping of the figures. It is a picture which has only to be seen to be admired, and has been pronounced by competent persons, who have seen all the Chromo Premiums for this year in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, to be *the finest of the entire collection.*

We are daily receiving letters full of praises of our chromo, and from among them we select the following as a fair specimen of them all:

FROM H. B. L., HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

"It is with extreme pleasure I write to inform you of the safe arrival of your beautiful chromo. My wife is delighted with it, and also with the POST, and you can put us down as life subscribers. Your chromo is by far the finest, both in subject and execution, that I have ever seen."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

IN Europe corn cobs steeped in hot water containing two per cent. of saltpetre are used as fire lighters, retailing at $3 and $4 a thousand.

THERE is now building for the celebrated Krupp Steel Works at Essen, in Prussia, an immense steam hammer, capable of beating up a mass of steel weighing one hundred tons. It is to cost $1,000,000, and will be the largest in the world.

A BELGIAN has invented a machine by which the movements of the vocal organs in speaking are mechanically recorded. It is placed in juxtaposition to the tongue, larynx, or lips, and it is not necessary to speak aloud. The writing consists of dots and dashes.

A FRENCH machinist has discovered that, by keeping his turning tools constantly wetted with petroleum, he was able to cut metals and alloys with them, although when the tools were used without the oil, their edges were soon turned and dulled. The hardest steel can be turned easily if the tools be thus wet with a mixture of two parts of petroleum with one part of turpentine.

DIVERS assure us that the most terrible tempest is merely superficial upon the sea. "The strongest gale," says the Penny Cyclopedia, "is supposed not to extend beyond seventy-two feet below the surface; and at the depth of ninety feet the sea is perfectly still." Lieutenant Maury is of the same opinion. He affirms that there is perpetual and perfect repose at the bottom of the deep sea.

THE standard weight, among scientific men, is distilled water. It is a purely arbitrary standard, but selected probably because water is the simplest and most universal element that can be readily used for such a purpose. The weight of water being taken as one, the specific gravity of weight of other things is reckoned from it, being either greater or less. A cubic foot of water weighs sixty-two pounds and a half; of gold, twelve hundred and three pounds and five-eighths of a pound; of silver, six hundred and fifty-four pounds and four-fifths of a pound; of cast iron, four hundred and fifty pounds and nine-twentieths of a pound.

A NEW MOTOR.—We saw about ten days ago, an engine running in Philadelphia, which is called the "Brayton Ready Motor." It is run by the expansion caused by burning crude petroleum, or carbon oil, inside of a cylinder, the flame being supported by compressed air forced into the cylinder by the engine itself. From what we could see, we judge that this engine is a good deal more powerful than the caloric engine, and can be started more quickly—one minute being sufficient time for starting it at full speed. It consumes about one gallon per horse-power, in ten hours. The engine to which we allude is of five horse-power.

IT was an accidental discovery by Goodyear that brimstone would vulcanize India-rubber, and certainly one of the most important to the industrial interests of the world. A casual discovery, of a recent date, it is said, makes it possible to enamel car axles, and, indeed, all the various descriptions of bearings, and by this means to prevent the friction and heat which proves so expensive, dangerous and oftentimes disastrous, in the running of cars and machinery. It is stated that it can be applied like a lubricant, and just as readily, which, if practically demonstrated by continuous use, must insure its universal introduction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Parted Forever. Alone in the World. A Moment of Peril. Rosa's Experiences. Emily's Two Lovers. The Young Schoolma'am. "Would You Be Young Again?"

A. PICKFORD.—In the language of flowers the fern means "sincerity," the nasturtian "patriotism," and the white lily "purity and modesty."

VERITAS.—It is entirely a matter of taste which is the best of the late Charles Dickens' works. Some fancy "The Pickwick Papers," for their originality and humor; some "Dombey and Son," for its pathos; others "Martin Chuzzlewit," for its admirable exposure of hypocrisy in the character of Peckaniff; and so on.

IGNORANT.—I have often wanted to know the meaning of the word "rentes," quoted so often in stock reports, etc. Please tell me?" "Rente" is a French word, the meaning of which is, literally, yearly income, but, used in the sense you refer to, applies to the French funds bearing interest, similar to our government bonds.

PHYSIC.—It is impossible for us or any one else to answer such questions as those you have put to us, such as, "Who is the first physician in the world? The first in the United States? Which is the best medical college in the world? and in the United States?" A moment's consideration ought to tell you the absurdity of asking such questions as these.

EX-SOLDIER.—The fees for entering lands under the Homestead Law is as follows: Making entry of soldiers' homestead, cash eighteen dollars; making final proof of soldiers' homestead (at the end of five years), eight dollars. A soldier pays the same fees as anybody else, his advantage being the privilege he possesses of taking double minimum lands.

M. M. F.—Curling the hair is injurious, but if you are dissatisfied with your straight hair, you might try the following curling liquid: Take borax, two ounces, gum arabic, one drachm, and hot water (not boiling) one quart; stir, and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. On going to bed wet the hair with the above liquid, and roll it in twists of paper as usual.

EVELINA complains about her lover, who makes her quite cross at times, she says, by behaving so differently towards her. Sometimes he is most attentive and cheerful, and all that she could wish, and again at other times he seems preoccupied and not in the best of spirits. She cannot expect to find her lover always in the same temperament; no lovers are, unless, indeed, they are very cold ones. All the warm lovers have chills sometimes, for love is merely an intermittent fever.

PENN.—"Can you tell me who was the author of the air, 'Partant pour la Syrie,' the national air of France?" The words were composed by M. De Laborde, in 1809; the music by Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. It is a ballad, the subject of which is as follows: Young Dumois followed the count, his lord, to Syria, and prayed the Virgin "that he might prove the bravest warrior, and love the fairest maiden." After the battle the count said to Dumois, "To thee we owe the victory, and my daughter I give to thee."

BOY ROVER.—Boys can be enlisted as apprentices for the United States navy between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, with the consent of their parents or guardians, to serve until they become twenty-one. When first enlisted they are rated in class third, and on subsequent examinations, are promoted to the second and first class. The pay of class three is eight, class two, nine, and class one, ten dollars a month, one-tenth of which is reserved as a resource at the end of the enlistment, and the remainder is expended for clothing and other necessaries.

KATE KEARNEY.—Indian summer is a short period of warm weather late in autumn, generally occurring in the temperate latitudes of the United States, usually characterized by clear sky and a hazy or smoky appearance of the atmosphere. The name is derived from the custom of the Indians to use this time in preparation for winter by laying in supplies of food and harvesting corn. The Indian tribes of the Middle and Eastern States believed it was caused by a wind sent by the benevolent southwestern god. It does not always occur at the same time in States of different latitudes and longitudes, nor are its visitations absolutely certain.

E. D. (Petersburgh, Va.)—"We have been debating quite warmly in our family circle as to which expression was correct, 'to the manner born, or 'to the manor born,' and knowing from experience how kind you always are in answering questions, we come to you to tell us which is right?" The correct expression is, "to the manor born." The manor in old English law was a tract of land originally granted by the king to a person of rank, part of which was given by the lord of the manor to his followers; the rest he retained, under the name of his demesnes. One "to the manor born" was one who was natural heir to the lands.

INQUIRER.—Julius Cæsar (46 B. C.) reformed the calendar, and this system was used by all Christian nations until 1582, when it was reformed to the present state of perfection by Pope Gregory XIII. This style was adopted in England in 1752. The "Julian Period" is a cycle of 7980 years, invented by Scaliger, and dates from 4713 B. C. 2. The "Cycle of the Sun," or Solar Cycle, is a period of 28 years, after which the days of the week recur upon exactly the same days of the year. The "Cycle of the Moon" is a period of 19 solar years, after which the new and full moon fall on the same days of the year as they did nineteen years before.

MINNIE C.—The derivation of the term "dramatis personæ," about which you ask, is as follows: The stages and theatres of the Greeks and Romans were so immense, that the actors, to be heard, were obliged to have recourse to metallic masks, contrived with great mouths, to augment the natural sound of the voice. This mask was called in Latin, "persona," from *per-sonare*, to sound through. To each piece were prefixed the descriptions of the masks, where we in our modern plays prefix the names of the characters, hence "dramatis personæ." Masks of the drama is now understood to mean "persons of the drama."

ADELE (St. Louis) wishes to be informed on the subject of the treatment of her fuchsias in the fall season of the year, whether it ought to be trimmed, and, if so, how? Summer-blooming fuchsias are usually trimmed down to a main stalk, and put in a dry place where they will keep dormant all winter. They are repotted in February, and brought into a warm room. 2. In the word entomology (that part of zoology which treats of insects) the accent is on the third syllable. 3. The Centennial Exhibition next year is to commence on May 10th. 4. If you will look in our last number (No. 18) you will find in our REVIEWER column the names of a number of very pretty, new pieces of music, vocal as well as instrumental.

W. McM.—"Please tell me when and in whose administration the United States Government first removed to Washington, D. C., as there has been some dispute regarding the date?" In July, 1790, Congress passed an act accepting the territory offered by Maryland and Virginia, on the Potomac, for a permanent seat of government—about one-half of the ten miles square being in each State—and directing that it be removed there by the first Monday in December, 1800. In accordance with this act, the government was removed to Washington by the 1st of December, 1800, during the last year of the administration of John Adams. In 1846, on the application of Virginia, Congress gave back to the State so much of the District as she had ceded to Congress in July, 1790, as above stated. The District of Columbia now lies wholly in Maryland, on the east side of the Potomac.

MISCELLANEOUS.—SURVEYOR.—It is impossible to obtain any position under government without the aid of political friends. S. H. M.—There is no cure, save time and going more frequently into company. W. O. D.—We do not know the value of the coins; nor can we give you any information as to the reliability of the medical man in question. INQUIRER.—Wants to know "why stars are called stars?" We give it up. C. H. GREEN.—The word Messrs. is a contraction for "Messieurs," and is pronounced as if spelled *Mes-surs*. M. J.—The gentleman may mean honorably, but it is certainly time that he declared himself. M. C. F.—We have at present no opening for a contributor in the department which you mention. A. W. B.—You have performed a very wise and modest part in concealing the attachment which you have so hopelessly formed. Of course there is no way of making the young man reciprocate it. AUTHOR.—We do not undertake to point out the defects in manuscripts which we feel ourselves bound to decline. C. O. C.—For redness of the nose, produced by cold, there is no remedy; you have only to grin and bear it. C. H. S.—The subject of your letter is one of those most ones in which we do not think it proper to give an opinion. We give no controversial character to these columns. TENT.—According to strict grammatical rule, "such an one" is correct, but in conversation this rule need not be too strictly adhered to. C. M.—You seem to be getting on very well. There is no objection to your giving such an invitation as you speak of. E. M. M.—It is not bad grammar, but the other word would have been better. ROSARY G.—Photographers should certainly know enough of chemistry to be able to prepare their own chemicals. CHEMISTER.—The notes that are not within the natural compass of a singer's voice are called falsette. W. F. L.—There is no way of telling but by actual experiment, and so you must find out for yourself. EVIE.—Our advice is to consider the engagement as entirely severed. You should consider yourself a fortunate girl in having got rid of such a lover.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*